

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

AN INVITATION TO THE SLEDGE.

COME forth, for dawn is breaking ;
The sun hath touched the snow :
Our blithe sledge-bells are calling,
And Christian waits below.

All day o'er snowdrifts gliding
'Twixt grey-green walls of ice,
We'll chase the winter sunlight
Adown the precipice.

Above black swirling death-waves
We will not shrink nor blanch,
Though the-bridge that spans the torrent
Be built by an avalanche.

We'll talk of love and friendship
And hero-hearted men,
Mid the stems of spangled larches
In the fairy-frosted glen.

With flight as swift as swallows
We'll sweep the curdled lake,
Where the groans of prisoned kelpies
Make the firm ice-pavement quake.

We'll thread the sombre forest
Where giant pines are crowned
With snow caps on their branches
Bent to the snowy ground.

Strong wine of exultation,
Free thoughts that laugh at death,
Shall warm our winged spirits,
Though the shrill air freeze our breath.

With many a waif of music
And memory-wafted song,
With the melody of faces
Loved when the world was young,

With dear Hellenic stories
And names of old romance,
We'll wake our souls' deep echoes
While the hills around us dance :

Dance to the arrowy motion
Of our sledge so firm and free,
Skimming the beaten snow-track
As a good ship skims the sea.

Like love, like all that's joyous,
Like youth, like life's delight,
This day is dawning o'er us
Between a night and a night.

O friend, 'tis ours to clasp it !
Come forth ! No better bliss
For hearts by hope uplifted
Hath heaven or earth than this !

Cornhill Magazine.

J. A. SYMONDS.

YOU'LL NEVER GUESS.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

I KNOW two eyes, two soft brown eyes,
Two eyes as sweet and dear

As ever danced with gay surprise,
Or melted with a tear ;
In whose fair rays a heart may bask —
Their shadowed rays serene —
But, little maid, you must not ask
Whose gentle eyes I mean.

I know a voice of fairy tone,
Like brooklet in the June,
That sings to please itself alone,
A little old-world tune :
Whose music haunts the listener's ear,
And will not leave it free ;
But I shall never tell you, dear,
Whose accents they may be.

I know a golden-hearted maid
For whom I built a shrine,
A leafy nook of murmurous shade,
Deep in this heart of mine ;
And in that calm and cool recess
To make her home she came —
But, oh ! you'd never, never guess
That little maiden's name.

Good Words.

SWEET VIOLETS.

SENT BY A LADY IN THE COUNTRY TO A FRIEND IN TOWN (APRIL 29).

BIRCHEN boughs are leafless still,
And the wind is keen and chill ;
On the hedges brown and bare
Scarce one bursting bud I see ;
Only, in this sunny nook
Scented violets welcome me.

Ah, that fragrance ! how it brings
Back old days on rosy wings —
Days when life's blue sky was clear,
When the simple hearts of youth
Gathered treasures all the year
Of unfading love and truth !

Fragrant are they now as ever ;
And as each small flower I sever
From its sheltered woodland home,
Forms beneath the cold earth sleeping
Once more down the pathway come
With glad eyes that know not weeping !

Violets ! ye bring to me
Many a sunny memory ;
And as one by one I gather
You, the first, best gems of spring,
Seemeth it to me your sweetness
To sad hearts some cheer must bring.

Friends the token might receive
Your lowliness is meant to give ;
So, with wishes true and kind,
I shall send you where the city —
Growing nothing half so fair —
Shall receive, with tender pity,
Your small blossoms, sweet and rare !

Chambers' Journal.

J. C. H.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HEROINES OF SPENSER.

BY EDWARD DOWDEN.

SPENSER'S manner of portraiture differs much from that of Chaucer, whom he names his poetical master. Ambling Canterburyward, with his eyes on the ground, the earlier poet could steal sprightly glances at every member of the calvacade — glances which took in the tuft of hairs upon the miller's nose, the sparkle of pins in the friar's tippet, and the smooth forehead and little rosy mouth of Madam Egglantine. We should know the Wife of Bath, if we met her, by the wide-parted teeth, the dulness of hearing, the bold laugh, the liberal tongue; we should expect to see the targelike hat, the scarlet stockings, and the shining shoes. Spenser's gaze dwelt longer on things, in a more passive luxury of sensation or with reverence more devout. His powers of observation are, as it were, dissolved in his sense of beauty, and this again is taken up into his moral idealism and becomes a part of it. To Chaucer a beautiful woman is a beautiful creature of this good earth, and is often nothing more; her beauty suddenly slays the tender heart of her lover, or she makes glad the spirit of man as though with some light, bright wine. She is more blissful to look on than "the new perjonette tree," and softer than the wether's wool; her mouth is sweet as "apples laid in hay or heath;" her body is gent and small as any weasel. For Spenser behind each woman made to worship or to love rises a sacred presence — womanhood itself. Her beauty of face and limb is but a manifestation of the invisible beauty, and this is of one kin with the divine wisdom and the divine love. In the poet of Edward's reign a gay and familiar side of chivalry is presented, which existed in life and in art and literature along with that chivalry which was the mysticism of human passion. The more modern poet retains of chivalry only what is exalted, serious, and tender. While heartily a man of his own Elizabethan age — a Protestant age, an age of awakening science, of a high mundane spirit — Spenser does not break with the past. He

does not, like Cervantes, with remorseful mockery bid farewell to romance and knight-errantry. Don Quixote, dying, begs pardon of his honest squire for perverting his understanding and persuading him to the folly of chivalric adventure; he had been mad, now he is sane, and is once again Alonzo Quixano the Good. For Spenser knightly warfare against evil was still the rule of heroic manhood; the champions of the great queen must all be knights-errant; there were giant oppressors to overthrow, there were deceivers of men to unmask, there were captive lands and causes to succor; nor could a time ever come when truth and justice, and purity and gentleness, would not be at odds with evil and untamed forces in our own hearts within and in the broad world without.

Spenser retained for the uses of the Renaissance the moral idealism of chivalry, and he renewed and re-created this; for Spenser's chivalry is one which has made acquaintance with the robust energies of his own time, with the hearty morality of the Reformed faith, and also with the broad and well-based thoughts of the great master of ethical philosophy. What England of the Renaissance needed most, Spenser declared, was noble character in man and woman. The most worshipful and lovely things this earth could show were, in his eyes, a true English gentleman and a true English lady; these, Spenser said, were actually to be found in Elizabethan England. He had known Sidney; he knew Sidney's sister —

Urania, sister unto Astrofell,

In whose brave mind, as in a golden cofer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are.

There were others no less praiseworthy, and among them his own three kinswomen, of whom one afterwards, in majestic old age, seemed to the youthful Milton equal to Latona or the towered Cybele,

Mother of a hundred gods.

These Spenser had seen and known. But in Elizabeth's court he had found also much that repelled him — spurious gentry, aristocratic barbarism, vulgar pleasures, ignoble ambition and ignoble ease, wantonness misnaming itself love, the bark

of slander, the bite of envy. He had experienced the anxieties, the disappointments, the humiliations of one who is a seeker for preferment. Then came a time when he could look at these things — both the evil and the good — from a distance, when his imagination could deal with them in its own mode of serene ardor and could shape them to their ideal forms. To have a part in the ragged commonwealth of Ireland appeared to Spenser to be nothing less than banishment. Ireland was to him a savage soil; yet, for one of his temper, solitude must have been better than the close shouldering of the press; Mulla, rippling below her alders, must have been more musical than the salutations of sycophants; the Irish air, the lights and shadows, the bright veil of rain, the tender luminousness of morning and evening, the grey mountain Mole, must have made up a surrounding for Spenser more open and fresh than the antechamber where importunate suitors are bid to wait.

Two qualities of Spenser's genius have made "The Faerie Queene" a poem, and saved it from becoming a frigid moral allegory or a mere masque of the fancy: one was his delight in sensuous beauty, the other his delight in lovely and heroic human character. He was, fortunately, a man of the Renaissance. At whatever period of the world's history Spenser might have been born he would have been born a lover of all that is pleasant and comely to the senses; but had he been a man of the Middle Ages it is possible that his moral earnestness might have set itself to do battle with his senses; for his garlands of flowers he might have given us only some pale lily or a palm; his dreams of fair women might have come to him only as troublous and torturing visions. Had Spenser been of Milton's party in the times of civil war, he, like Milton, must needs have parted with the youthful *allegrezza*; but he could not, like Milton, have found a higher self in such naked moral sublimity as that of the "Samson Agonistes;" defrauded of his love of sensuous beauty, Spenser would have been cut off from one, and that a large, affluent of his spiritual inspiration. For beauty, Spenser maintained, is twofold. There is beauty which

is a mere pasture for the eye; it is a spoil for which we grow greedy; as we gaze on it we sink in waves of deep delight; it leaves us faint with too much luxury of heart. And there is the higher beauty of which the peculiar quality is a penetrating radiance; it illuminates all that comes into its presence; it is a beam from the divine fount of light; it lifts up the soul of man out of the mire of this world; it pierces him with a sacred joy; it animates him to pure and passionate endeavor.

Spenser's moral idealism and his exquisite sense of beauty met, and became inseparably involved. His moral idealism concerned itself not solely or chiefly about abstract qualities, though with these it also had dealings; its most appropriate objects were found in ideal human characters. Had Spenser thought only of qualities, and had he set his imagination to exhibit these in allegory, "The Faerie Queene" would have been one long, masquelike procession, as visionary as that which passes before the eyes of Britomart in the enchanter's chamber. And there are many masques and masquelike figures in Spenser's poems; even Despair, and Mammon, and Care, figures so marked by Spenser's peculiar genius, may be classed with these. There are times, again, when his genius wholly deserts him, and we get abstractions bald and bare, or tricked out with some antic garb which is too ill-fitting or too ragged to cover their nakedness. But Spenser's most admirable poetical creations are not masquerading qualities, well or ill attired, but ideal characters of man and woman; the moral allegory finds its play in and through the epic persons. Sir Calidore and Pastorella are as truly a gallant youth and a shepherdess queen of curds and cream as are the charming boy and girl lovers of the "Winter's Tale." When Wordsworth would name two personal themes gained from books — from books around which our happiness may twine with tendrils strong as flesh and blood — he chooses one from the plays of Shakespeare — Desdemona — and the second is the Una of Spenser.

Spenser's manner of portraiture seems to be at its best in female figures. "The perfection of woman," said Coleridge, "is

to be characterless," meaning that no single prominent quality, however excellent, can equal in beauty and excellence a well-developed, harmonious nature. The creator of Una, and Amoret, and Florimell loved also this harmony of character, and he found it, or believed he found it, more in woman than in man. While each of the heroines of "The Faerie Queene" has distinction, so that Una little resembles Belphebe and Britomart is far removed from Pastorella, each possesses in her own kind that perfection of womanhood which Coleridge praised and loved. Spenser's great knights strive with outward enemies—giant, or dragon, or Saracen, or enchanter—and sometimes these stand in the allegory for actual external difficulties and dangers; but in many instances we discover presently that they are indeed inward enemies, bosom foes given externality in order to carry on the action of the poem. And so the unity of personal character is broken by the allegory; one piece of a man's nature hypostatized is set over against another; inward division of heart is represented by a hurtling of champion against champion. But this is not the case with Spenser's women. They are not parcelled out into fragments. To fortune, evil and good, they are exposed—that fortune behind and above which, according to the faith of Spenser, a Divine Providence forever lives and works—but they do not suffer inward disruption. If Una be made captive to Sansloy, she only endures a hardship at the hands of fate; she remains faithful and true, and needs no chastening, but rather comforting. If the Red-Cross Knight be thrown into Orgoglio's dungeon, it signifies that he is a traitor to his better self; holiness has become infected with pride, and the scourge and fasting of Dame Celia's house will be needed for his restoration. Hence while Spenser's knights at times lapse back from persons into qualities, his chief female figures are always the female figures of an epic of romance. The allegory often does little more with respect to them than determine the leading feature in the character of each, or select the group of women from which each shall be singled as an ideal type. It is true they do not possess

the interest given by complex elements of character; but if they are simple they are also complete. They rejoice, they sorrow; fears and hopes play through the life-blood in their cheeks; they are tender, indignant, pensive, ardent; they know the pain and the bliss of love; they are wise with the lore of purity, and loyalty, and fortitude. Even in dramatic poetry our interest in character does not depend solely on the number of elements which go to form it. The beauty of perfect poise, of coherence, and of flawless vitality charms us. If it were not so Miranda might disappear from "The Tempest" and Perdita from the "Winter's Tale." They exhibit none of the iridescent moods of a Cleopatra; they are not waves of the sea, but children of the grave, sweet, mother earth; and the imagination finds as endless a satisfaction in their bright purity and singleness of being as the eye finds in some blossom's radiant life and mystery of unmingled loveliness.

Spenser's landscape is in harmony with his figures, possessing a portion, as it were, of feminine beauty. His faerie land is such a country as Gloriana might have created for her own empire. Something is derived here from Italian poetry, in particular from Ariosto, but something also from Spenser's own genius. The elements of his landscape are few; he returns to them often, and dwells upon them with inexhaustible delight. The objects and aspects of external nature which impress us as sublime were to Spenser, as to the other poets of his time, not sublime, but dreadful. The roaring wilderness of waters appals him; he had watched the billows in the Irish sounds charging one another like angry rivals; it was a happiness when his foot touched English earth again. Spenser had found his Rosalind in the north country—Rosalind "the widow's daughter of the glen." But we cannot imagine Spenser exulting in the barren grandeur of a north-country moor; it was natural that Colin Clout should come south, to lead his flocks among the dales of Kent.* What the poet of faerie land

* Does the Celtic word "glen" occur in English poetry before Spenser? His friend E. K., annotating "The Shepherd's Calendar," explains it as "a country

especially loves are those select spots devised by nature for delight, sacred and secure, where nature, as it were, vies with art, and where men in instinctive gratitude would fain build an altar on the green sward to the mild genius of the place. To such a sylvan retreat the wounded Timias is conveyed by the damsels of Belphebe. It is a glade environed by mountains and mighty woods, forming an amphitheatre in their midst; a little river plays over its gleaming gravel; in the myrtles and laurels the birds are uttering

many a lovely lay
Of God's high praise and of their love's sweet
teen.

In such a place, or one still fairer, Calidore beheld the hundred naked maidens, lily white, dancing in a circle, and within their circle those three handmaidens of Venus, the Graces; and yet again enclosed and garlanded by their loveliness Spenser's own bride, Elizabeth, set like

a precious gem
Amidst a ring most richly well encased.

Around are woods of matchless height, and all the trees are trees of honor; a little hill rises from the grassy plain; at the foot a gentle flood tumbles its silver waves, "unmarred with ragged moss or filthy mud," and on the summit is the plain where the dancers dance and Colin pipes. Even in denser forest, though there is danger of violence and lurking foes, all is not horror; the wild wood creatures are not all like those who would sacrifice and devour their beautiful prey, Serena; there are also tribes docile and prone to an untrained fidelity, like those who, grinning gently, bend the knees backward to Una, or like the salvage man who fawns upon Serena —

Kissing her hands and grovelling to the ground,
For other language had he none, nor speech,
But a soft murmur and confused sound
Of senseless love.

The native haunt of evil, as Spenser imagined it, is a cave; there it lurks and shuns the light. Spenser hates darkness and foulness and the close damp of the den; and escape from imprisonment into the sunshine, or from the sick room into the outer world, is felt by him as an exquisite pleasure. Calpine goes forth, when recovered from his wound, "to take

the air and hear the thrush's song;" the witch's son escapes with his snow lady from the smoky cottage to pass the idle time "in the open freshness of the gentle air." Creatures who do not love the sun and breeze must needs be very sad or very sinful. In a cave lies coiled the feminine serpent Error; the den is loathsome and in a covert place, where light seems uncouth and the glistening of St. George's armor infuses hatred and alarm. In a cave dwells the ragged wretch Despair —

Far underneath a craggy cliff yight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy grave.

In a delve hard by the cavernous entrance to hell sits Mammon, sunning his antique treasure. And the much-afflicted Malbecco, goatish old husband to the wanton Hellenore, escaped from his pursuers at last, runs to earth where a buttress of rock hangs dreadfully over the sea; there, under the ever-threatening crag, above the ever-thundering billow, he creeps into the narrow cave, and, forgetting that he was man, knows himself and is known thenceforward as Jealousy.

In the legend of St. George, as accepted by artists of the Middle Ages, the virgin Cleodolinda, the Andromeda of Christian mythology, is about to die, when the warrior, now riding forward to join his legion, perceives her distress, rescues her, and slays the dragon. Spenser recasts the legend: Una is never exposed to the monster; she devotes herself to the delivery of her parents, and the part which she plays in the adventure is far from being a passive one. To her the champion of her cause owes the sword which fights her battle, and hope, and courage, and forgiveness, and love, and even life itself. Before her arrival he seems but a clownish young man among the splendid personages of Gloriana's court; it is Una who brings him his great charger and the silver shield. Throughout Spenser's poem, although Una is so young, so tender, so mild, while the knight is stout and bold, there is a certain protectiveness on her part towards him; yet this is united in such a way with gentle, fervid loyalty and trust that it seems to imply no consciousness of superiority. St. George is not yet delivered from the cloud of youthful ignorance and unpurged passion: in his courage there is something of mere "greedy hardiment;" in his indignation against evil there is too little care to distinguish the innocent from the guilty; in his sorrow for wrong-doing there is some of that lax self-pity which prefers the easy way of despair and death to the hardness

hamlet or borough," misunderstanding the word, for Spenser uses it again (*Faerie Queene*, b. iii., c. 7, st. 6) where Florimell finds the witch's cottage in a "gloomy glen," certainly not in a "country hamlet or borough."

of strenuous discipline. But Una has already known the good and evil things of life. She first recognizes the peril of the wandering wood, yet the knight being once pledged to encounter with the serpent of the cavern, she would not have him draw back; she is aware that no half-measures will serve in such a struggle with error, and heartens St. George to the desperate effort.

Now, now, Sir Knight, show what ye be;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, else she fain will strangle thee.

And when this first victory has been achieved the eager approach and the joyous greeting of his lady fill the weary knight with new strength, so that she has now to warn him that before new adventure rest is needful, and refreshment, and the wise counsel of the night. As she would utterly destroy the evil creature of the wandering wood, so when at length the enchantress Duessa, the deceiver of her lord, is overthrown, Una shows no weakness of false pity. Her lord's feeble cry comes to her from the dungeon when no one else has heard it, and the wrath of Una, pure and innocent as her own lamb, is unflinching as that wrath of the Lamb of which we read elsewhere.

Well begun; end all so well, I pray!
Ne let that wicked woman 'scape away.

Duessa is not slain, but all her loathsomeness of body is laid bare: this Una decrees, and her knight must look upon the withered hag whom he had taken to himself in Una's place; after that let her deceive him if she can. But before St. George endures the pain and shame which are needful Una has already taken him to her heart, with only tears for his piteous aspect and no word of reproach except against the evil star which has wronged his truer self.

Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who erst in flowers of freshest youth was clad.
Then, when her well of tears she wasted had,
She said, "Ah, dearest lord, what evil star
On you hath frowned and poured his influence
bad,

That of yourself ye thus berobbed are,
And this misseeming hue your manly looks
doth mar?

Yet another subtle and dangerous enemy the young knight meets before his trial of strength with the dragon. The strange fascination which resides in the words of Despair has laid its spell upon his soul;

his eye broods on the dull waters of death; his resolution ebbs; he is tending heavily to the grave; the dagger is in his trembling hand. For one moment Una feels the blood run cold to her heart, and she is on the point of swooning; the next she snatches away the accursed knife, with courageous words which strive for the desperate man's sake to be reproachful.

Come, come away, frail, feeble, fleshly wight;
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart.

In Dame Cœlia's house Una is indeed happy. The reverent matron cherishes her; she is as a sister among the three comely daughters; and she knows that joy so dear to a woman's heart of acting as an earthly providence to her lover, of fashioning him in ways after her mind, and of anticipating in her spiritual child some of the delights of motherhood, while she watches him grow daily in thews and stature, in all the cardinal virtues and all the Christian graces. His rueful shrieks and groanings come to her when Patience dispels him with the iron whip, and Una writhes under the torment as if it were her own; but it is wholesome for him to endure, and she bears all wisely and patiently. At last the scourgings, and nippings, and prickings, and smartings are over; St. George is brought to her clean and sound, the son of her tears and prayers; he is her very own, and now with sweet complacency she kisses him, praying him to cherish himself and partake once more of gladness.

Una can endure joy as she can sorrow. Her joy is never a blinding bliss of life; it has in it a reasonableness and sweet sobriety. When Arthur overthrows her adversary the royal maid comes running fast to greet his victory, "with sober gladness and mild modesty." Yet this perfect poise of joy has nothing of languor in it; she sees life steadily and sees it whole, and, therefore, she carries some of the sunshine into shady places, and in her elation there is a touch of sadness. On her betrothal morning Una comes forth as fair and fresh as the freshest flower in May; she is clothed in a robe all lily white, more pure and less proud than silk or silver; her sad wimple is thrown aside, and her face has in it the radiance of the morning; yet at this most wished-for moment Una's gladness is wisely tempered and serious.

Then forth he callèd that his daughter fair,
The fairest Una, his only daughter dear,

His only daughter and his only heir;
 Who forth proceeding with sad, sober cheer,
 As bright as doth the morning star appear
 Out of the East, with flaming locks bedight,
 To tell that dawning day is drawing near,
 And to the world does bring long-wished light;
 So fair and fresh that lady showed herself in
 sight.

But joy of any kind, unless it reside in the consciousness of loving duty done, is rare with Una, and, for all her strength of endurance and of affection, she is a frail and tender being, exposed to the roughest buffetings of fortune. By nothing is Spenser so impassioned (to use a word of his own) as by the sight of woman in undeserved distress; the chivalrous fire kindles about his heart; wrath, and remorse, and love make him their own. And Una is forever passing from calamity to calamity. The brightness of her aspect is that of a face very white and calm; she veils herself and wears the mourning stole in token of her sorrow; when she has laid aside the veil we see the clear shining of her beauty most often through tears. The lion forgets his rage in her presence, but the fealty of her wild champion brings a pang to the lady's heart, for it reminds her of her own lionlike lord, who has fled away from her. Then, after her manner of shunning violences of feeling, she compels herself to be calm, "in close heart shutting up her grief." Once more, when night comes in the miserable cottage of Abessa, her sorrow breaks its bounds, and once more at morning she is ready to resume her labors. The day brings only deception, and wrong, and anguish. Archimago, disguised as her own knight, rides towards her, and Una, in glad yet timid humility, approaches him, and presently taking heart, dares to greet him with happier welcome. Then comes the discovery of the old enchanter's fraud and bare escape from the violent hands of the Saracen. Among the kindly salvage tribe Una enjoys a short breathing-time, and resting her over-worn heart is yet not idle; she is a teacher to the barbarous people of the gentle lore of Christ. When rescued from the woods, grief begins anew with the false tidings of St. George's death; the lady is so downcast that she cannot for sorrow keep pace with her protector, Satyrane. A second escape from the Paynim follows, and a second time assurance reaches her of her lord's death; for is not this the dwarf who hastens towards her bearing the masterless spear and shield? Una sinks from deep swoon to swoon; and then, when her case is almost

desperate, the strong comfort reaches her of Prince Arthur's presence, and his reasonable words, which she, putting away her passion of grief, reasonably ponders and receives. Even the joy of her betrothal day is not unmingled with pain; the last guileful shaft of her adversary has still to be shot; with "sober countenance" Una confronts Archimago and unmasks his lie. At last she touches the whole of happiness, touches it and no more; she is made one with him who from the first had been dearer to her than the light of day, and almost at the same time she is divided from him. The faerie champion must depart to accomplish other commands of Queen Gloriana, and Una is left to mourn.

In all save purity of heart Belphebe presents a contrast to Una, and even her purity of heart is of a different kind. Una's love towards her chosen knight has in it something of the nature of celestial grace; all earthly ardor of love is transfigured in the white radiance of her soul — transfigured, but present. Belphebe's passion is that of virginal joy, and pride, and freedom. She thinks of love for no man and from none, whether to give or to take; it is enough to have victorious play among the woodland beasts, and, Dian-like, to rest in the company of her maidens. In happy hour we first see her, for as she starts suddenly to view from among the green boughs, following hard upon the prelude of her ringing horn, we have almost grown ashamed of manhood in company of the despicable braggart and his squire. She is clad in hunter's weed, and moves a goddess; her face is clear as the sky, not with such luminous pallor as that of Una, but with the flush of health and gallant exercise; a breeze and breath of life, "able to heal the sick and to revive the dead," play around her as they might around some flourishing tree; her eyes beam like two living lamps "under the shadow of her even brows;" her ivory forehead is a broad table for Love to engrave his triumphs on; her lips are incarnadined with the quickened blood; her words make silver music in the air. Una had worn the veil and mourning stole. Belphebe is clad in white, but her short camis is of silk, starred with gold and with golden fringe; the buskins of her goodly legs are rich with curious anticks and fastened with a jewel. She leads no lamb in a line, but is a pursuer of soft woodland creatures and a queller of the fiercer beasts in her victorious play. In her hand is a boar-spear, and at her back the bow and quiver. A golden baldrick is on her breast,

letting its virginal beauty be divined; the golden hair shed about her shoulders is lightly blown by the breeze, and it shows the lovelier for fresh leaves and blossoms borne away from the forest trees in the speed of her flight. Spenser's imagination pours forth its treasures to enrich with all pure splendors this ideal of glad virginity. Not love, but honor is her aim, and this she seeks where true honor may be found, amid the toils and dangers of a strenuous life.

In woods, in waves, in wars, she* wants to dwell,

And will be found with peril and with pain;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle cell
Unto her happy mansion attain:
Before her gate high God did sweat ordaine,
And wakeful watches ever to abide.

Belphebe, the foster child of Diana, forfeits nothing of her sex. Spenser's masculine women are to be found among his evil women. The poet of faerie land would make but a poor figure in a company of modern Radical reformers. His giant who proclaims to an applauding crowd the doctrine of equality is "much admired of fools, women, and boys;" but Talus, that stout squire of Arthegall, patron of justice, shoulders the giant from his rock into the welter of the waves. The amazon Radigund revolts against the law of her sex, establishing the liberty of women; but Britomart in fair field overthrows her, cleaves both head and helmet at one stroke, and she, the heroic warrior-lady, repeals that evil custom and destroys every trace of the feminine usurpation. Spenser's Belphebe, with all her pride and freedom, is a gentle maiden. Led by the track of blood, she suddenly comes — expecting a stricken beast — upon the body of Arthur's youthful squire, laid along the ground, his hair, like faded leaves, knotted with blood, his lips below the boyish down showing pale and wan. Belphebe starts back for a moment in horror;

But when she better him beheld she grew
Full of soft passion and unwonted smart:
The point of pity pierced through her tender heart.

She bows meekly down, rears his languid neck, chafes his temples, unfastens his hauberk, and lifts the heavy burget from his head. What wonder that the youth, waking from his swoon with a long sigh, and looking up and seeing her by his side, takes her for some messenger of God, and, with a boy's ardor and the sense of his

unworthiness, is fain to kiss her blessed feet? But Belphebe, no lily, rather the rose of chastity, feels towards him only as towards a fellow-mortal in distress; a return of love she cannot give him; but all courtesy she gives, and kindness "tempered with grace and goodly modesty." And she is not indifferent to his devotion; at least no other woman must be adored by him. Amoret is rescued from the boarlike salvage, who is Spenser's embodiment of lust; Belphebe chases the monster, and strikes him in the throat with her arrow as he enters his den; returning, she discovers the squire, Timias, leaning over Amoret in swoon, "that new lovely mate;" he wipes the dew from her eyelids and kisses them, and softly handles every hurt. Belphebe's cheek flushes and her heart is aflame; it is not jealousy, but "deep disdain and great indignity;" she has almost strung the arrow to lay him —

Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance sore;

But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld,
"Is this the faith?" she said — and said no more,
But turned her face and fled away forevermore.

"Forevermore," as it seemed to her in her first indignation and to Timias in his first despair; but the dove, his emissary, bearing round its neck her heartshaped ruby, flits before her and leads her on till she finds the melancholy wretch, no longer to be recognized with his downfallen hair and meagre face, and hears his complaint, and looks mildly on him once more, and restores him to her favor and to a happiness he will not forfeit by a second indiscretion.*

Belphebe and Amoret are twin sisters; the story of their birth and fostering is one of Spenser's most graceful inventions. Venus, having lost her little son, seeks for him here and there, in court, and city, and field, and at last among the woods. Diana, with her nymphs, is resting after the chase; to the inquiry of Venus for her boy she returns a scornful answer, but Venus replies mildly, and the angry goddess is appeased. Diana's maidens set forth to seek the little god, and find in a covert not Cupid, but a fair woman lying entranced, who has brought forth painlessly two lovely babes.

Up they them took, each one a babe uptook,
And with them carried to be fostered:
Dame Phoebe to a nymph her babe betook,
To be upbrought in perfect maidenhed,

* *She*, i.e. Honor.

* Belphebe, we know, is Elizabeth; it has been conjectured that Sir Walter Raleigh is the squire.

And of herself her name Belphebe red;
But Venus hers thence far away conveyed,
To be upbrought in goodly womanhed;
And in her little love's stead which was strayed
Her Amoretta called, to comfort her dismayed.

Amoret, the child of the sun's mystical begetting, is brought to the garden of Adonis, that paradise where the eternal forms of things reside, and from which our earth is replenished with her various kinds. Here she is committed to the care of Psyche and made companion to Psyche's little daughter, Pleasure. Here she learns the lore of love and "true femineite," until at length, grown to perfect ripeness, she is presented to the world's view —

To be the ensample of true love alone
And lodestar of all chaste affection.

Spenser's thought seems to have been that, glorious in power, freedom, and beauty as virginity may be, such a state is only for rare natures elected to it, and that the true ideal of womanhood, as such, is only attained through love which leads to wedlock. Amoret, more than any other of his heroines, presents us with Spenser's conception in its purest form of the *ewig Weibliche*, the eternal feminine principle, which assumes a myriad different forms and finds its highest embodiment in perfect woman. She is to Spenser what Eve was to Milton, the pure type of her sex, the general mother. Hence when her lover finds Amoret, it is in the Island of Love, and not in the island merely, but in its midst, in Venus's temple, and not in the temple merely, but at the feet of the image of the goddess. To this veiled goddess — veiled not because of shame, but to shadow from profane eyes the mystery of her double sex, both male and female — a troop of lovers chant the great hymn of praise taken from the Roman poet's proemium, the "*Alma Venus*" of Lucretius. The ecstasy of love in all nature — in bird, and beast, and the sea, and the dædal earth — is celebrated, and last in human kind.

Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great god of men and women, queen o' the air,
Mother of laughter, and well-spring of bliss.

Encircled by the choir of lovers, and around the feet of the goddess, lie fair damsels — blushing Shamefastness, and Cheerfulness, and Courtesy, and Obedience, and sober Modesty, and soft Silence — and in their midst, of riper years and graver countenance than the rest, is Womanhood, and in the lap of Womanhood is Amoret.

But Amoret, if the cherished child of love, is also love's martyr. On her marriage day, while still a virgin wife, she is snatched away from her husband by the enchanter Busirane; she is chained around the slender waist to a pillar in his inner chamber of enchantment, and all magic arts and rare tortures are practised to subdue her constancy. Instead of the lap of Womanhood she has about her sides the harsh hands of Despight and Cruelty; instead of the fair damsels of Venus she has for company those fantastic masquers who pass in procession, some wildly fair, some strange and enigmatical, some fierce and tyrannous, and none true except those who form a sorrowful troop near to that last masquer Death. But Amoret has learnt the preciousness of true love, and joy has finely tempered her soul for the hour of fortitude; and so she endures until deliverance comes with the heroic Britomart. From our present "Faerie Queene" the true ending of this story, as first conceived by Spenser, has disappeared. We feel in reading the later books of the poem that the second seizure of Amoret — that by the tusked and hairy wild man — is too gross a wrong to be allowed to hurt a life so dear. As Spenser originally wrote and published his third book Amoret is restored to the arms of her husband, who waits sorrowfully outside the enchanted castle, through whose fiery portal Britomart alone can pass. The martyrdom of Amoret should end here; with the meeting of husband and wife, who are also lover and lover, all grief and fear should pass away. And so Spenser had it in the beautiful stanzas which he removed from the poem as continued to the later books. Scudamour, lying forlorn upon the ground, is startled by the voice of Britomart; he looks up, and Amoret stands before him.

There did he see that most on earth him joyed,
His dearest love, the comfort of his days,
Whose too long absence had him sore annoyed
And wearied his life with dull delays;
Straight he upstarted from the loathed layes
And to her ran with hasty eagerness,
Like as a deer that greedily embayes
In the cool soil after long thirstiness
Which he in chase endured hath, now nigh
breathless.

Lightly he clipt her in his arm's twain,
And straitly did embrace her body bright —
Her body, late the prison of sad pain,
Now the sweet lodge of love and dear delight.
But the fair lady, overcome quite
Of huge affection, did in pleasure melt
And in sweet ravishment poured out her
spright.

No word they spake, nor earthly thing they
felt,
But like two senseless stocks in long embrace-
ments melt.

The adventures of Florimell are among the most romantic in "The Faerie Queene," but she herself is chiefly interesting as their subject or their occasion. She is a woman, beautiful, and in distress; this, it seems, should be enough. We know how she is snowy white and chaste as snow; we know how true she is to her sea-sprung lover, Marinell; and we know little more. Were it not that the false snow-lady, who wears her name, is substanceless, and by her unreality makes the true Florimell real, we might think of her as of some vision seen in the curling of great waves upon the strand when the sun shines bright and a land breeze whirls the gleaming spray. Yet we should miss the story of Florimell from Spenser's poem, for it bears us through romantic wood, and wild, and glen, and to the rich seashore, and to the great waters where Proteus drives his scaly herd, and to Proteus's bower under a whelming rock against which the billows forever roar and rave. And to it belongs the marriage of the Medway and the Thames, with that pompous gathering to the feast of British and Irish rivers. In an epic of the days of Drake and Raleigh we should be ill content unless we grew into acquaintance with Nereus and Neptune, with Panope and Galatea, the nymphs and the gods of sea.

With Britomart it is far otherwise ; she does not, like Florimell, remind us of a myth of external nature born of the sea and shore, but is wholly human to the heart. When Spenser would present a patron knight of chastity, he chose a woman ; and he made her no vestal vowed to perpetual maidenhood, but the most magnanimous of lovers. That is to say, the highest chastity is no cloistered virtue, but lives in a heart aflame with pure passion. Such a heart is no cold house swept and garnished ; it is rather a sanctuary where a seraph breathes upon the altar coals. Britomart, tall of stature, large of limb, knit strongly for deeds of prowess, follows from childhood upward her appointed way. She is trained to toss the spear and shield, to hunt out perils by sea and land ; she cannot endure, like other ladies, “ to finger the fine needle and nice thread.” There is something at once lovely and awe-inspiring in her aspect. And for a time the great heart is a girl’s heart, still a stranger to love. Then on a day she wonders mus-

ingly who shall be her husband, knowing that fate has allotted her one. She gazes into her father's enchanted mirror, and in that moment her doom comes upon her: in the mirror is presented a knight all armed; the ventayle of his helmet is lifted up; his face, stern yet gracious, looks forth

as Phœbus' face out of the east
Betwixt two shady mountains doth arise.

It is the one face in the world which can subdue Britomart. To Una love had come as a blessedness in giving, a comfort in receiving; to Amoret it had come as a joy fulfilling her life; it comes to Britomart imperiously, tyrannously, laying a burden on her which with all her strength she is hardly able to bear. Her spirits droop during the daytime, and at night, when she lies down by the side of old Glauce, sleep deserts her, her heart beats hard against her side, she cannot check the heavy sighs that come to ease her breast loaded with a mountainous pain.

For me no usual fire, no usual rage,
It is, O nurse, which on my life doth feed.

When the old woman has heard the trouble, glad that it is no worse than honest love, she leans on her weak elbow and kisses softly her child's bosom, feeling how it pants and quakes "as if an earthquake were." Cherished and faintly cheered by Glauce's words, at last a little creeping sleep surprises Britomart; but at morning the pain returns, and neither prayers nor herbs can bring relief. And so they go for advice to learned Merlin, the nurse, with old wives' cunning, having first disguised her foster child. But the mage, who has been frowning over his necromantic book, looks up and laughs aloud; the royal maiden cannot be so concealed from his recognition, and Britomart, blushing instantly to a clear carnation, reads upon his lips her destiny. A glorious destiny it is, for kings and mighty emperors are to be her offspring. Thus heartened, she begins anew her life of enterprise — arrays her limbs in the armor of Angela, the Saxon queen, all fretted round with gold, which hangs in the church of King Ryence, and so sets forth on adventure under the conduct of love.

As Amoret, most faithful of wives, was love's martyr, so Britomart, the patron of chastity, is love's champion. Outside the Castle Joyous — unworthily so named — a single knight is fiercely assailed by six dastard antagonists. Britomart hastens to the rescue, and having with half a score

of strokes dispersed the crew, she mildly inquires the cause of their dissension. It is the custom of the castle to require that each passer shall forsake his own lady and devote himself to its lady of delight. The indignation of Britomart flames at the thought of love constrained, and turning from one to another of the ignoble knights she overthrows and subdues them. Presently St. George—for he was the distressed combatant—and his deliverer are in the presence of the wanton lady Malecasta, who receives them sitting on a sumptuous bed. The knight is straightway disarmed;

But the brave maid would not disarmed be,
But only vented up her umbriere,
And so did let her goodly visage to appear.

The face behind its shadowing armor shines as the moon does when breaking through a cloud and discovering her bright head to the discomfited world. This incident of Britomart's beauty of womanhood beaming or flashing forth before men's eyes from its dark coverture is dwelt on by Spenser's imagination with a peculiar fondness, and he repeats it, varying the circumstances, not fewer than three times. Again at Malbecco's inhospitable house, to which the knights have forced an entrance seeking shelter from the darkness, storm, and rain, when they dry themselves before the blazing fire, Britomart too must be disarrayed—

Tho', whenas veiled was her lofty crest,
Her golden locks, that were in trammels gay
Upbouden, did themselves adown display,
And raught unto her heels, like sunny beams
That in a cloud their light did sometime stay,
Their vapor vaded, show their golden gleams
And through the persant air shoot forth their
azure streams.

She puts off her heavy habergeon, and lets her frock, tucked short about her as she rode, flow to her foot with "careless modesty." And so disarrayed she seems no other than Bellona returned from the slaughter of the giants, with helmet loosed and untying from the arm her gorgonian shield. In like manner in the castle to which she conducts Amoret, and before which she has jousts with the young knight, when the brave youth would be thrust out because he has no love nor lady, Britomart, his overthrower in arms, with majestic courtesy undoes her helmet to disclose her sex and claim him for her knight. Her falling shower of hair is like the play of summer lightning in the heavens. The youth pours forth his thanks and worships the great lady in his heart.

In Malecasta's abode of false delight the knights whom she has subdued, careless livers in the lap of pleasure, are to Britomart no more than shadows; she heeds them not. But Malecasta, stricken with love for the supposed male warrior whose face has shone beneath the umbriere, claims some pity from Britomart; for has she not herself known the imperious force of love? And so, when the hour for sleep had come, with kindly thoughts

she 'gan herself despoile
And safe commit to her soft feathered nest.

But at night, turning wearily, she wakes to find the wanton dame couched by her side; she rises in wrath; a cry from the terrified Malecasta rings through the house; the six knights come running hastily to their lady's help; she lies swooning on the ground. We shall not do Britomart's heroic beauty wrong if we remember her as she appeared at that moment, standing in snow-white smock, with unbound locks, fierce in her maidenhood, "threatening the point of her avenging blade." Love's champion must needs be a terrible justicer to all who wrong love. So she is found to be by Busirane. With her ample shield thrown before her and the advanced sword in her hand, she has passed the fire of his enchanted portal; she has waited impatiently in the chamber of arras and read the strange inscription over each door; then of a sudden the marvel of the masque goes by, and Britomart gazes on, and of a sudden it is ended. But when the same things repeat themselves next day she knows the deed to do and is swift and sure: she springs into the inner chamber, she plucks from the wizard's hand the knife which was meant to pierce the tender side of Amoret, she smites him to the ground, and when he has risen, sullen but subdued, and is reading backward his mighty spells, all the while Britomart stands by him with outstretched sword held high above his head.

Spenser's last introduction of the incident of the helmeted face is when the lovers are made acquainted with one another. Britomart has overthrown Arthegall in the tourney, unwitting that it was he, knowing him only as the salvage knight. Shortly after, as Scudamour and Arthegall ride in company, they espy the winner at the tourney. Scudamour rides against the stranger and is unhorsed. A like mischance befalls Arthegall, and thereupon begins a furious combat on foot. At

length one hideous stroke lights upon her helmet; she stands unharmed, but her ventayle is shorn away.

With that her angel's face, unseene afore,
Like to the ruddy morn appeared in sight,
Dewed with silver drops through sweating sore,
But somewhat redder than beseeemed aright
Through toilsome heat and labor of her weary
fight.

Around this "angel's face" the yellow hair makes a golden border. Arthegall's hand, lifted again to strike, drops; the sword falls from his fingers; he sinks upon his knees before her, making religion of his wonder and beseeching pardon of the injured goddess. And she, looking stern, stands over him threatening to strike if he will not rise and continue the combat. But old Glaunce is at hand to bid her pause, and by degrees the face seen in the magic mirror and the face of the kneeling warrior grow together and are seen to be one. When Scudamour greets the knight as "Arthegall,"

Her heart did leap and all her heartstrings
tremble
For sudden joy and secret fear withal.

There is no sudden love-making between the pair; Britomart's modest countenance "so goodly grave and full of princely awe," acts as a check to ranging fancies. But the great hearts are drawing near and are at length made wholly one.

Yet Britomart is not incapable of a touch of honest jealousy. Her lover has been absent long; tidings come that he, the invincible warrior, has been made captive to a woman. The truth seems but too clear; Britomart shuts herself into her chamber in wrath and pain. If she could only fight with him and die! She throws herself on her bed lamenting.

Yet did she not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deep sighs and
singults few.

She is at length convinced by Talus that his master is indeed in the dungeon of the amazon. Britomart arms herself, and uttering no word, good nor bad, looking right down, and with a heart very dangerous and fell, she rides to his delivery. She who had overthrown her lord in fight is now to be his saviour. But the sight of Arthegall clad in womanish attire is too full of shame; Britomart turns her head aside; it is, however, only for a moment, and then, filled with a sense of the piteousness of his disgrace, she hastens towards him to bring him comfort and restore him to his self-respect.

In Spenser's earliest volume of verse his muse masques "in lowly sheperd's weeds." In the last book of his "Faerie Queene" he returns to pastoral poetry, but it is a pastoral poetry into which courtly grace and knightly prowess enter. The stories of Serena and of Pastorella lie side by side, and each heightens the effect of the other. With Serena we are among the woods, their shadows, their wild recesses and fantastic boughs; her page is the gentle salvage man; her foes are the salvage folk, who have laid her naked for sacrifice upon their altar under the faint light of stars, and the din of whose horns and bagpipes is in our ears until Calpine thrusts into the throng and delivers his love from fear, though not from shamefastness. With Pastorella we are amid the fields, at the sheepfold, and among the little cots where shepherds lie; we listen to their gay singing and the rustic melody of their pipes. Old Melibee, half shepherd, half sage, is such a reverent figure as William Blake loved to present in his pastoral subjects. The girl heroine of Spenser's sixth book might have been a sister of Shakespeare's Perdita or Miranda. Like them, she is a child of high estate removed from courtly surroundings into a way of life more simple, more free, where objects and interests are few, natural, and enduring. As with them, a courtly lover comes to make discovery of his rustic princess, and she returns to the place assigned her by her birth. Like Perdita, she is queen of the country-side, mistress of rural junketings, the prettiest lass that ever ran on the green sward, and nothing that she does

But smacks of something greater than herself.

We think of her as she stood upon the hill-ock when first seen by Calidore, crowned with flowers, clad in home-made green, and environed with a garland of lovely maidens; the lusty swains pipe and sing her praises, "and oft rejoice and oft for wonder shout." We think of her as she meekly leads her little flock at her old foster father's bidding, as she tends at supper while the princely Calidore sits and cannot choose but follow her with his eyes, as she gathers strawberries in the green wood with her rival lovers, as she graciously receives the rustic presents of Coridon, squirrel, or sparrow, or looks on while the Knight of Courtesy, a shepherd for the nonce, pulls the rugged teats of her mother ewes. We remember her in the dimness of the brigand's cave, and how joy came to her with the clear voice of Calidore, and again as she stood

half arrayed and all amazed at that moment when old Melissa espied the rosy mark upon her breast, and ran in haste, as one dismayed yet full of joy, to tell her mistress that the long-lost babe was found.

"The Faerie Queene" is not, however, a legend solely of good women. Being bound "by fealty to all womankind," Spenser has not permitted himself to shrink from presenting ideals of feminine weakness, folly, shame, and vice. There is the false and foul Duessa; there is Acrasia, that Circean enchantress who changes her lovers from men to swine; and Phædria, the lightest of idle bubbles on the Idle Lake; and Hellenore, whose shameless coquetry soon turns to a thing of grosser name; and the superb, wanton Malecasta; and Lucifera, queen of spiritual pride; and Philotime, queen of worldly ambition; and Radigund, the revoltress against the obedience of her sex; and the brutal Argante; and Mirabella, with her little, hard, and shallow heart; and the blind and malevolent Abessa; and the grisly hags Envy and Detraction. Spenser broadly divides the evil from the good. If he does not make an imaginative inquest into complex problems of life and character, he serves us perhaps more by his high yet serene ardor on behalf of all that is excellent and against all that is ignoble. The only passage in "The Faerie Queene" touched with cynicism, the story put with dramatic propriety into the mouth of the Squire of Dames, is derived from Ariosto.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

OLD JOQUELIN'S BEQUEST: A TALE ABOUT WOMEN.

I.

WHEN the millionaire M. Joquelin died, his fellow-townsmen of Ville-Joyeuse were curious to learn how he had disposed of the immense fortune amassed by him in trading upon the credulity of his contemporaries in various ways during a long course of years. The sly old fellow, who had been turn by turn merchant, theatrical manager, newspaper proprietor, hotel owner, and who, finally, as a dealer in pictures and bric-a-brac, had flourished a familiar character in Ville-Joyeuse for the twenty years preceding his death — this patient and versatile money-grubber had left no heirs. He had been married three times; but no children had resulted from these matrimonial ventures, so far as people were aware. The last years of his life had

been rendered comfortable by the ministrations of an old servant of sixty, named Euphrasie, who had the moustaches and voice of a man, but the gentlest of tempers and the deftest of hands at making soups and coffee. When her master died, this old woman marched behind his coffin, erect as a drum-major, but uttering howls of awful pitch and perfect sincerity. It was generally believed that she did not make all this noise for nothing, and would be found to have inherited a good share, if not all, of Joquelin's millions. Some observant bachelors in low circumstances took this opportunity of remarking that she was a pious woman, and would make a good wife to any man sensible enough to prefer a beautiful soul to an attractive face.

But, pious or not, Euphrasie came in only for a small legacy under her master's will. The rest was bequeathed for a purpose so extraordinary that it burst upon Ville-Joyeuse like the report of a three-hundred wag-power joke. Imagine the amusement of a quick-witted French community on hearing that old Joquelin had left the bulk of his fortune to the local university, on condition of its founding a chair of gynæcology!

What is gynæcology? and what would a professor of this science have to say to his pupils? The wiseacres of Ville-Joyeuse — and they were many, thank goodness — knew that *gynac* meant women; but the *ology* was too much for them in the present instance, as they freely confessed to one another while discussing the subject in the *cafés* and other places of public resort. During half a week, wherever people of either sex met for business or pleasure, they inquired of one another, "What is gynæcology?"

They were soon enlightened, however; for the departed Joquelin had left abundant explanations in the will which he had drawn up with his own hand, being at the time of a sound mind in an unsound body. He stated that the topic on which his professor of gynæcology would have to lecture was WOMAN. Yes, woman; her customs, reasonings, tastes, sentiments, virtues, failings, and caprices; with special reference to the wiles and snares by which she seeks to entrap the unwary among the opposite sex, and as to the best means of avoiding or escaping the same. Also concerning certain antidotes for the poison of love, and philosophical consolations for the disappointed.

Now Ville-Joyeuse was a town in which the fair sex had long been accustomed to

have things their own way. They ruled both the roast and the boiled, and were noted throughout the rest of France not less for their shrill tongues than for their dark eyes and neat ankles. On market days, when the country carts came jolting in with mountains of cabbages and garden flowers, the town was filled with girls and women, in picturesque scarlet kirtles and velvet bodices, who looked like comedy queens, and behaved as such; domineering over that weaker creature, man, in the matter of hard bargains, until his soul and his purse were crushed flat together. A proverb, of two centuries' standing, said, "Give the devil his due; but trust a woman of Ville-Joyeuse to take hers for herself;" and an old chronicler, who flourished at about the time when Rabelais was poking fun at the sex in his "*Gargantua*," wrote feelingly: "I have seen men come to pious plight from seeking wives at Ville-Joyeuse. As for me, I rejoice that I am single; since, though poor in worldly goods, I can at least call my soul my own; which would not be the case if I had taken one of the women of hereabouts to rule over me."

These were significant words; but, even accepting them with a grain of salt, it is evident that the fair creatures about whom they had been written must afford rich themes for study to the philosophical lecturer. Equally clear was it that for any one to have conceived the plan of revenging himself for the tyranny of the Ville-Joyeusiennes by subjecting them to a course of analytical lectures, was proof of his having himself suffered abominable things at their fair hands; and the truth is that no man had ever been so miserably treated by women as old Joquelin. In the peroration to his will, where he poured out all the bitterness of his soul in recapitulating his relations with the sex, he wrote pathetically: "My first wife died in a fit of rage, at my having contradicted her; my second eloped from me, because I let her do as she pleased, which, she said, rendered her life too dull; as for my third, it was I who absconded from her, after fruitlessly begging that she would use her tongue to argue with instead of her nails. I was a theatrical manager in Bolivia at this time, and I am sorry to say yellow fever was raging in the place. I trust it did not prove fatal to Madame Joquelin; but I have had no news of her for twenty-five years. Heaven give her the peace she denied me!"

Now in the above words you have a statement of M. Joquelin's reasons for in-

stituting the chair of gynæcology, and one may proceed to relate how his bequest affected those whom it most concerned, namely, the University authorities.

Opinions were, of course, much divided at first, and two camps were formed of the professors who were for refusing the legacy, because of its frivolousness; and of those who urged its acceptance, on the ground that to reject the gynæcological endowment would be to throw away the other large sums bequeathed for University purposes generally. Old Joquelin had expressly stipulated that all the provisos of his will must stand or fall together; and that if the University were loth to do his pleasure, the whole of his fortune should go to the public charities in Ville-Joyeuse. The married professors were the quickest to point out how highly undesirable this would be. The gynæcological endowment, said they, would only absorb about twenty-five thousand francs a year, and there was no end to the fine things that might be done with the rest of the money, amounting to about eight millions of francs. The University might build itself a new library and a new chemical laboratory, add to the curiosities of its museum, and raise the salaries of its professors all round. This last consideration ended by carrying the votes of the young unmarried professors, who still cherished illusions as to the angelic character of woman, but were shrewd enough to see that an increase of salary conduces to marriage, which was the haven towards which most of them were steering. So, at a meeting of the Academical Council it was decided, by a majority, to apply to government for leave to accept old Joquelin's bequest.

In France nothing can be done without leave from government, and it is noticeable that government generally refuses its permission to any new thing. Moreover, as the Universities* are exclusively governed by laymen of the free-thinking sort, they have an implacable adversary in the Church, whose clergy raise indignant cries of "encroachment" every time one of the faculties endeavors to strike out for itself some new path. In the present instance, gynæcology being a novelty, the minister of public instruction would doubtless have followed the immortal traditions of his office by declining to sanction it, lest their Greatnesses the archbishops and bishops

* "There is, properly speaking, but one "University" in France, the word being an abstract term comprising the different *faculties* of Paris, Montpellier, Nancy, Ville-Joyeuse, etc.

should be huffed, and lest the lesser clergy should set up their customary wail of the Church being in danger. But, to his Excellency's astonishment, the Bishop of Ville-Joyeuse was pleased to append his signature to the memorial of the Academic Council, alleging that lectures on the deceitfulness of women might tend to enhance public morals. Under these auspicious circumstances, the minister gave the required leave. He thought that the bishop must have privately bargained with the University for a share in Joquelin's bequest, and was disposed to laugh in his sleeve at episcopal astuteness; but in this he was wrong, for the holy man had been moved to take action solely at the request of the most influential person in Ville-Joyeuse — Madame la Comtesse de Sainte-Folye, the prefect's wife.

Madame de Sainte-Folye was a shining light in Ville-Joyeuse. She left to her husband the insignia of power, but it was she who ruled the department over which he nominally presided. She was twenty-five years old, small in figure, dark-eyed, merry, imperious, and altogether one of those daughters of Eve whom there is no resisting. She could get her way by coaxing, by promising, or by stamping her little foot; but she always got it somehow. Frisky as a dragon-fly, inquisitive as a child, smart as a prize doll, eager for novelties, she was never happy unless wearing or discussing some new thing. Her dresses lasted her a week, her gloves an hour, her whims a day. She had ever some fresh caprice in view which engrossed all her energies until it was satisfied, when she would toss it aside like a spoiled toy. She prattled, flirted, raced about, danced, ordered people to and fro, cried now and then, when people blundered in doing what she wished; but was never serious an instant. In her relations with the citizens of Ville-Joyeuse she displayed affability and tact; but was despotic, as only popes, pashas, and pretty women can be. She had a finger in everybody's pie, and kept herself acquainted with all that was going on in the town, through the reports of social emissaries who formed her court, and whom she had trained to fetch and carry like spaniels. These slaves of her will were young officers of the garrison, young priests of the pushing kind, barristers, civil servants, and journalists, who attended her parties and deemed themselves amply paid by a smile for any gossip they brought or any service they rendered. No empress was so promptly obeyed as Madame de Sainte-Folye, and

none ever wielded more real power. Talk of woman's sphere being limited! why, a word from the prefect's irresistible wife had released prisoners; won lawsuits for persons who had (legally) not a leg to stand upon; settled political, ecclesiastical, or regimental squabbles of long-enduring bitterness. The president of the tribunal, a lean and austere man, was so afraid of the bewitching countess that he dared not refuse to do her bidding, even when his conscience prompted him to rebel; the general of the garrison would rather have faced the fire of a Prussian battery than angry flashes from her eyes; as for the venerable bishop, who was waddling towards a better world at a placid jog-trot, he — good, easy man — had found it safe as well as pleasant to humor the countess when she had need of him, that he might rely on her powerful aid when he had need of her. Upon her requesting him to co-operate in the gynæcology scheme (she addressed him after a dinner at the prefecture, while sweetening his coffee with her own hands, and filling his glass with yellow chartreuse), his Greatness complied at once, not because he understood anything about the scheme, but because she did; and anticipated rare fun from it.

Amusement, indeed, was all that Madame de Saint-Folye looked for in this affair; and once the notion had got rattling about in her head like a pea in a child's drum, she lost no time in summoning the members of the Academical Council to confer with her at the prefecture touching the election of the new professor, his programme of lectures, and so forth. The Academical body duly came, headed by their rector,* and looking portentously solemn, after the custom of French dons, whose manners are a standing protest against the levity of other orders of Frenchmen. A scrubby, ill-dressed, and snuff-taking lot they were, whose coat-collars touched their ears, and whose coat-tails dangled almost to their heels. They quarrelled on the staircase about the opinions they were to put forward in their collective capacity; for while some wished the new chair to be filled by a doctor who should treat of woman from the medical point of view, others wanted an historical lectureship, which should deal with the part played by women in the world's politics; and others, again, were for expatiating on the sex æsthetically, as regards their influence on literature and art. However,

* France is divided into a number of academical districts, each presided over by a "rector."

they were reduced to silence, when a footman ushered them into the countess's boudoir like so many black-beetles entering the bower of a mocking-bird. What a boudoir it was—all mirrors, gilding, perfume, and satin chairs—a very lovenest!

The countess greeted the learned body with her usual good grace, though she felt much inclined to laugh at their grave looks, which had nothing suitable, so far as she saw, to the matter in hand. She was dressed in a showy lace *peignoir*, with a number of violet bows in front, and sat half reclining on a sofa, with a Maltese terrier on her lap. A handsome officer, bearing the epaulets and aiglets of a staff captain, was installed by her side, and made the terrier snap by tickling his nose with a rose-stalk; while hard by sat and simpered a pink and curly-headed young priest, who had silver buckles in his varnished shoes, and held his shovel hat on his knees with both hands like a basin full of holy water. In the background M. de Sainte-Folye, the prefect, could be seen standing on the hearthrug, with his coat-skirts under his arms, and an eyeglass fixed on his cheekbone, through which he looked at the world's affairs, as it were distantly, through a window-pane. He was a bald and languid man, who never intruded his own individuality when his wife was present, and so took an early opportunity of retiring, with noiseless steps, like one who knows that he shall not be missed. Meantime, the footman having brought the small satin chairs forward, the Academical deputation, who were nine strong like the muses, plumped down in a semicircle, sniffing the odor of iris that pervaded the boudoir, and wreathing their features in propitiatory smiles at the Maltese dog, who, disliking their appearance, yelped.

The countess introduced her two friends, Captain the Viscount de Patratras (who clicked his heels together and bowed) and Monsieur l'Abbé de Gentilleux (who stood up blushing and smiled benignly): then she proceeded at once to business, in her clear, vivacious voice, which, when she was in a good humor, suggested the music of a crystal flute sounding a charge.

"I take a great interest in this scheme of yours, gentlemen," she said, whilst her large eyes sparkled frolicsomenely. "I hope you will lose no time in inaugurating your chair, for I am impatient to hear what your wisdom has to say about us poor women."

"Women; ah, madame!" exclaimed the

rector, who was a fat dignitary, with a white beard and red ears. "Woman, madame; that is a subject most delightful to handle!"

"A subject of most pleasing features," added the vice-rector, who was thin-shanked, but mildly gay at times.

"One which must be embraced cordially, or not at all," chimed in the sedate professor of the Coptic and Syriac tongues.

"Come, come; I see you are all joking," said the countess, with a smothered laugh. "M. de Patratras here could not speak more gallantly, though he pretends to know us by heart."

"My experience does not range so far back as Monsieur Piocheux's," responded the captain, alluding to the professor of Coptic, who had written a book on mummies.

"Nor so widely as Monsieur l'Abbé's, perhaps, for he knows us through the confessional," observed Madame de Sainte-Folye; at which the nine professors tittered like one man, while the pink and curly priest colored to his tonsure and murmured deprecatingly, "Oh, madame!"

"Well, we are not angels, but we are not demons either. Is there any one present prepared to say we are demons?" inquired the countess, archly.

"I should like the secrecy of the ballot, if we are to vote on that question," remarked the Viscount de Patratras.

"Oh, your vote wouldn't count," said the prefect's wife. "I prefer to hear Mr. Rector, who is a married man."

Mr. Rector, who was blessed with a strong-minded wife, hastened to affirm that women were not demons; but hereat Viscount de Patratras said something in the countess's ear which made her put her handkerchief to her mouth, and a colloquy ensued between them, which was but half audible to the professors.

"You are always talking nonsense," said the countess.

"Why? because I maintain that a married man knows less about women than other persons?"

"You didn't put it that way; you said something about a caterpillar and a cabbage."

"Well, the caterpillar who restricts his observations of the vegetable kingdom to one single cabbage is less versed in botany than the butterfly who flits from bud to blossom."

"I suppose you mean yourself by the butterfly?"

"No; I am out of the running."

The countess threw a droll look at him and shrugged her shoulders. "Gentlemen," she said, "M. de Patatras seems to think that your new lecturer ought to be a bachelor. I have no opinion on the subject. Probably you have made up your minds to admit all comers to the competition?"

"We are bound to do so by the terms of M. Joquelin's will, madame," said the rector, ponderously. He had majestic manners, but a queer accent; for his tongue being too large for his mouth, he rolled it unctuously against his palate like a big sweetmeat. "Within forty days of our advertising for a professor, madame, the candidates must send in their papers, and the chair will be awarded to the one who, by common consent of the council, shall have written the most erudite essay upon — ahem! — your amiable sex."

"The only stipulation is that he must be a good linguist, so as to know what foreign authors have written about women," said the professor of Coptic, sapiently.

"And be a physician, else he could not treat of their ailments," chimed in the professor of palæontology, who was famed for having unearthed a female bone of the pre-Eveite period.

"I think he ought to be a married man, for propriety's sake," observed the professor of jurisprudence, who was single, but engaged.

"No; unmarried, else he would not enjoy independence," opined the professor of political economy, who was a widower.

"Joquelin's will makes no stipulation whatever," stuttered the rector, with such warmth that he looked as if he were going to chew his tongue and swallow it. "The examiners must have their choice unfettered. It stands to reason, though, that the candidates must be laymen;" saying which he glanced mistrustfully at the Abbé Gentilleux.

"Come, come; I see you are not agreed at all, and I must settle the matter for you," interposed Madame de Sainte-Folye. "Mr. Rector, you had best send in all the essays to me, and I will award the prize."

"Oh, madame!" shouted the nine professors, astonished.

"What, do you doubt my fitness to adjudicate?" asked the countess, with the slight frown which marked her fair brow whenever she was contradicted. "Surely a lady is better qualified than any one to award the palm in such a contest as this?"

"Obviously, madame," assented the learned nine, who were intimidated by the frown.

"Well, then, it's an understood thing," rejoined the countess, brightening again; "only mind I will have no exclusion of persons. I expect M. de Patatras to compete, and the Abbé Gentilleux too; and I should be glad if each of you gentlemen would send in an essay, so that your wise remarks may improve my mind."

"It shall be as you please, madame," mumbled the rector, bobbing his corpulent body, while the curly priest hoisted on his young cheeks rosy signals of distress, which the countess disregarded.

"And stay, please one word more," added Madame de Sainte-Folye as the professors, standing up in an obsequious row, prepared to depart. "Please request the candidates to write in a large hand, on nice thick paper, and to divide their essays into short paragraphs, with spaces between, so that I may find them easy to read. Thanks; that's all."

Madame de Sainte-Folye dismissed the deputation condescendingly, with a pretty smile apiece; and the nine learned men trooped out, musing as they went that the Salic Law, which purports to have abolished the sovereignty of woman in France, is but a delusion and a snare.

II.

A WEEK after this the walls of Ville-Joyeuse were papered with large yellow posters, inviting candidates for the new chair of gynæcology to send in their essays within forty days to M. le Recteur Boulotin. The competition was thrown open to all males of unimpeachable character, and great latitude was allowed them in the treatment of their theme — Woman; nevertheless, they were requested to bring their minds to bear specially on the elucidation of the following seven points: —

1st. The alleged inferiority of Woman with respect to man. Is she intellectually and physically weaker by nature, or is it custom that makes her so? State your opinions as to woman's fitness to bear arms and to rule States, assuming the credibility of the legends that have been written touching Semiramis, Deborah, Aspasia, Bradamanta, and Marpesia (the Amazon heroines), Pope Joan, Joan of Arc, etc.

2nd. The condition of Woman in polygamous communities. Is female influence less paramount in countries where woman is enslaved? Quote on this head the sayings of Turks or experienced Mormons.

3rd. The soothing influence of Woman in allaying political strife. Illustrate by the examples of Delilah, Judith, Jael, Helen, and Charlotte Corday.

4th. The condition of Woman during the ages of chivalry. How were matrimonial arrangements affected by the custom of winning one's bride at the lance-point? Was a true knight likely to set the greater store by a wife for whose sake he had lost a leg and an eye in a doughty combat? And is there any reason to suppose that the decline of chivalry was due, in a measure, to the regrets occasionally expressed by husbands in after-life over the limbs they had thrown away when young?

5th. The influence of Woman in the domain of poetry and art. Explain, if you can, why poets have generally been more eloquent in praising other men's wives than their own. Cite the poets, if any, who have continued rhyming to their own wives with unabated fervor until the end of their careers.

6th. The future of Woman. Consider the possibility of improving her fate and increasing her happiness. Would the concession of equal rights with men be calculated to secure these desirable ends? And in the event of all posts in Church and State being distributed, share and share alike, between the two sexes, is it presumable that woman would rest satisfied until she had got man's share as well as her own?

7th. The rational faculties of Woman. Analyze the causes of her habitual success in proving the point by argument.

The foregoing programme was like a patchwork quilt, to which every professor had contributed a piece; but it was drafted by Mr. Rector Boulottin himself, and copied out fair for the printer by that official's clerk, young Xavier Turlupot. Now the time has come for stating that M. Boulottin had a pretty daughter named Isabelle, with whom this Turlupot was in love; and that the maiden scornfully rejected the poor clerk's suit. Maidens often do that kind of thing. They count it nothing that a man should be devoted, tender, constant: if he be ugly, ill-dressed, impetuous, and tiresome, he stands a chance of being loved to desperation, or else he is vehemently hated. Turlupot was hated. Isabelle could not bear the sight of him; and one regrets to state that if the pair met in any place where no third parties were present, she put out her tongue at him. It is still more regrettable to add that Turlupot repaid this compliment by

putting out his tongue at her, for he made love after a fashion all his own.

He was certainly a singular lad, whose attractions were not calculated to endear him to the sex at first sight. Brimful of Greek, Latin, and science, his large ears stood out at right angles to his face, as if they were props, intended to keep the sides of his head from bulging out under the pressure of knowledge which his brain contained. He was tall, and very lean in the bust, arms, and legs, but withal pot-bellied, so that he suggested comparison with a string knotted in the middle. His mouth — a very trap for the reception of food, which he ate in enormous quantities — was lined with two rows of jagged teeth, most unsightly to behold when he grinned; and he was always grinning. If a joke tickled him, he laughed aloud, blowing off his laughter in gusts, which made glasses jingle and sent household cats flying under the table; and sometimes he laughed in this boisterous manner at inward jokes of his own, which he kept to himself. His qualities were habitual taciturnity, plodding patience, and a formidable capacity for work. He could get through twice the labor of two ordinary clerks in little time and without apparent fatigue; nor was his work ever below the best samples of clerical skill. His master, who employed him not merely for the transcription but for the composition of most of the academical reports, books, and scholastic pamphlets from which he — the rector — derived honor and profit, accounted him a treasure; and Madame Boulottin, who was a domineering dame, valued him for his willingness in doing her errands. As for Isabelle, her aversion from the clerk served only to give the latter a surer footing in the house. If he had been good-looking and agreeable, M. Boulottin and his wife would have stood on their guard, for it was no scheme of theirs that their richly-portioned daughter should marry a penniless clerk; but, reassured by Isabelle's detestation of Turlupot, they were amused by her spiteful sallies, and one of their favorite parental jokes consisted in twitting the girl with her unaccountable blindness to the clerk's many perfections.

The rector would remark ironically: "Xavier will become a great man some of these days; you ought not to turn up your nose at him, Belle."

And Madame Boulottin would say, with a smile: "I am too tired to go out shopping; will you to-day, Belle? but ask M. Turlupot to accompany you. I am sure he makes an excellent chaperon."

Thus Xavier and Isabelle were constantly thrown into each other's society, and, whenever they met, they exchanged barbed words by the volley. Isabelle, who had a sly talent for caricature, would draw portraits of Turlupot under the odious images of apes, spiders, and toads, and thrust these works of art into places where he was sure to see them. Xavier, on his side, would put into the hollow of a garden oak, which served him as a post-office, amatory odes, not devoid of humorous spice, which Isabelle pretended not to read. But she did read them. Things had been going on in this way for months and months, when at last old JoqueLIN's death and his strange bequest set Isabelle musing, like the rest of the young ladies in Ville-Joyeuse, on the threatened lectures anent her sex. Her curiosity was sharply stimulated, and she asked Xavier, in a tone of sarcasm, whether he intended to compete for the professorship.

He answered "Yes," gravely.

"Then," said she, "you must get me seats for your lectures, for I want to laugh."

"No," said he; "you shall come to my lectures, but you will go away crying."

This was only his joke, for he had not made up his mind to compete for the prize, and was by no means sanguine about winning it if he did; but Isabelle had her misgivings. Her experience was that prizes generally fall to those least deserving of them; and it was just like Turlupot's impudence, thought she, to set up as a lecturer on women — he whom maids and matrons combined in abhorring, insomuch that, at the rare balls he attended, he found it difficult to obtain partners! However, Turlupot was soon seen driving his quill at odd moments over large pages of foolscap, which he carefully locked up before leaving his desk, and this did render him a little more interesting than usual in Isabelle's eyes. All the town was talking about the competitors, and it was something for the rector's daughter to be able to tell her girl-friends that she knew one of them. She would have liked, though, to get a sight of the clerk's manuscript, and conned over many stratagems for this purpose. If Xavier had left his loose sheets lying about for half-an-hour, she would have been down on them like a kitten on cream. She actually tried after dark if any of her keys would fit his desk-lock; and, failing in that, she made an attempt to abstract the keys from his very pocket while he was sitting on a bench enjoying a little repose in the cool of the

evening; but this would not do either, for he was wide-awake.

It nettled Isabelle to think that Turlupot might be writing things about *her* in his essay — a mean revenge, which would be just like him, she reflected. One day, about a fortnight after the posters had been out, and when public expectation was rising on tiptoe, it happened that the rector and Madame Boulottin went to pay a day's visit to some country friends, and Isabelle was left alone in the house with Turlupot and the servants. The sly puss put on her straw hat and went to walk in the garden, bethinking her that during the rector's absence the clerk might be tempted to take a holiday, and omit some of his customary precautions in concealing his manuscript or keys. Through the open windows of the study she could see him writing industriously at his high desk — his cheek almost touching his left hand, whilst his right sprawled over the paper like a huge spider. Presently he looked up, and, perceiving her, paused to enjoy the enticing vision. Isabelle had chestnut hair, all fluffed and curled over a saucy face, with blue eyes, and the most bewitching, pouting mouth. Her dress was of white muslin, with a light blue sash, and, sitting under a tree, she shaded her eyes with a parasol. At her feet barked a big, woolly poodle, with a pink nose, whom she occasionally caressed with her foot, as he rolled on his back, kicking his legs aloft.

Xavier Turlupot thought the opportunity highly propitious for a little courting, and laid his papers aside under lock and key. Then he strolled out with his hands in his pockets, and his large lips puckered up like a tomato, and whistling. He walked with the lolloping movements of a bottle on the water, and pretended to be unconscious of Isabelle's presence until he was close to her — all of which roused the maiden's ire.

"Well," cried she, tauntingly, as soon as he was within earshot, "I think you might be civil enough to say 'Good morning,' instead of star-gazing like that at mid-day."

"Good morning, mademoiselle," said Turlupot, stopping short with a mocking bow. "Dear me, how well those blue ribbons become you! — blue is my favorite color."

"That shows what stories you can tell; the other day I was wearing cerise, and you professed that cerise was your favorite."

"So it was while you wore it."

"Oh, and if I wore 'love-slain toad,' I

suppose you would become crazy about that?"

"Certainly — quite crazy."

"Your tastes are capricious."

"No; but my affections are constant."

"If you put such sentiments in your essay, it will be worth reading," tittered the girl. "I should have thought you found a sufficient vent for that kind of nonsense in your verses."

"I am glad to discover that my verses are perused by you."

"It doesn't require that I should peruse them to feel sure that they must be full of stuff."

The dialogue was continued in this pleasant style for a few minutes longer, and Isabelle flushed indignantly at the clerk's imperturbable coolness in foiling her thrusts. With his crop-head and lantern-jaws, he looked uglier than ever; and, oh, what an aggravating thing it was to see the twinkling, weazley glance in his eyes, that indicated more amusement than irritation at her pin-stabs! At last she changed her mode of attack.

"How is your essay progressing?" she asked, with seeming indifference. "I suppose you would object to show it me?"

"I should certainly object."

"Then you must be ashamed of it for its utter badness. That doesn't surprise me. You cannot know much of your subject."

"I know you, and that you treat me like a dog."

"If I did that you would have nothing to complain of, for I treat dogs very well. Here, Toto;" and as the poodle, obedient to her call, rose on his hind legs and placed his forepaws on her lap, Isabelle drew his woolly head to her lips and covered it with kisses. "There — what do you think of that?" she inquired with defiance.

"I think I should like to be in Toto's place," replied Xavier Turlupot, devoutly.

"Oh, that is too much ambition!" retorted the saucy maiden. "Before you aspire to a place, you should examine your fitness for it."

"Don't you consider me fit to be even a dog, then?"

"By no means. Toto here is handsome, trustful, well-bred: he does everything I tell him; he is not conceited, and he does not write nonsense."

"I can, at least, resemble the gifted creature in doing everything you ask."

"Then show me your essay."

"No; not that."

"Then go about your business!" exclaimed Isabelle, rising impatiently from

her seat; and she shot him one of those glances which would be pistol-bullets could their projectors transform them into lead by a mere effort of volition. But just at this moment, when the relations between the pair had grown sulphurous, a diversion occurred. Jeannette, the blowsy *bonne*, or maid-of-all-work, crossed the lawn, carrying between her fingers, which smelt strongly of culinary operations with garlic, a card, which was that of Madame de Sainte-Folye, who had come to see the rector. In another moment the countess herself appeared and tripped across the garden, followed by Viscount de Patras and her Maltese dog. She sported a Gainsborough hat, sixteen-button gloves, reaching to her elbows, a stick parasol as high as her shoulder, boots with four-inch scarlet heels, and a gold-rimmed double eyeglass, which was perched just on the tip of her little nose, so that she could see over its top. She was chattering like a magpie with the viscount as she walked, and greeted Isabelle with her usual vivacity, seizing her hands and kissing her on both cheeks.

"How do you do, my dear child?" she said. "I have come to see your father in order to request him to send me in the prize essays as fast as he gets them, so that I may not have to read the whole lot in a lump. I suppose you have not heard much about these essays; but Mr. Rector will understand what I mean if you give him my message."

"Very well, madame. Pray take a seat," said Isabelle respectfully; for French young ladies are very deferential towards married women, and chiefly to pre-fects' wives.

"No, thanks," answered the countess; "we will wander about and see if there are any strawberries or cherries to be found in this pretty garden of yours. Oh, there is a tree covered with lovely bigarons! How are you, M. Turlupot? You must exert your talents by getting me some of that fruit."

"Willingly, Madame la Comtesse; if you like we will enact the scene of Rousseau's 'Confessions,'" said the ugly clerk, bowing.

"What might that scene be?" asked Madame de Sainte-Folye, who was not versed in her classics.

"Why, I will climb the tree, and shake down cherries for you and Mademoiselle Isabelle to catch."

"In our mouths?"

"Oh, no; your mouths are too small for whole cherries — in your laps."

"I think there was some love-making connected with that cherry scene," observed Viscount de Patatras, stroking his waxed moustache and eyeing the clerk rather superciliously.

"Well, there shall be some in this case if madame likes," answered the clerk, nothing loth; and he clambered up the tree in no time, like a cat. "Now then, madame, are you ready?" he cried from among the branches, and shook down the red fruit in a shower. The viscount stooped to pick it up, but the countess asked him why he did not climb the tree too. Being in uniform, he excused himself on the ground that his sword stood in his way; but this seemed to the countess a lame pretence, and so it did to Turpulot, who suggested that the captain would surely storm a breach with his sword on.

"Of course he would," exclaimed the countess, gaily. "Up with you, captain, or I shall think you are only afraid of soiling your red trousers and white gloves."

"Oh, but, madame, the bark is quite wet from yesterday's rain," ejaculated Isabelle, pityingly.

"What does that matter? If the captain were as skilled in gymnastics as M. Turlupot, he would have been up the topmost branch by this time, for he is never backward in showing off his accomplishments."

"Really, madame, you are cruel," expostulated the officer.

"Oh dear, no; but I like a soldier to be athletic," laughed the countess. "My opinion is that you wear stays to give yourself a slim waist, and are afraid to burst them."

This insinuation was gall to Captain the Viscount de Patatras, who turned purple, as Frenchmen do when they are made to look ridiculous. Honor demanded that he should instantly prove he was not wearing stays; so, without removing his sword or gloves, he made a spring at the lowest tree-branch, hoisted himself by his wrists, and proceeded to clamber astride the branch. The countess clapped her hands, and military prestige was on the point of being avenged when a painful incident occurred.

Toto, the poodle, was not accustomed to see strangers climb his master's cherry-trees. He had just been saluting Madame de Sainte-Folye's Maltese after the courteous manner of dogs, when, espying the captain struggling in mid-air, he uttered a growl and ran forward. The countess, seeing a chance of fun, pointed at the officer with her parasol, and whispered,

"Bite him!" an invitation which she had no need to repeat. With a rush, a snarl, and a whisk of his tail, Toto leaped aloft, pinned the captain in the regions below the waist-band, and held on like a leech. The captain roared; the dog, with his mouth full of red trouser, growled and tugged; Madame de Sainte-Folye, uttering peal upon peal of laughter, sank on to a bench, and even Isabelle was stricken with uncontrollable mirth. Then the dog and the captain had it out together among the twigs and leaves. A fierce biter was that dog, and he soon succeeded in convincing that part of the pantaloons which he held that there was no reason for its sticking so close to the remainder of the garment; so it parted company, and Toto rolled to the ground. At the same moment Xavier Turlupot, clutching the captain amicably, by the scruff of the neck, gave him a haul which lifted him on to a higher branch.

"All's well that ends well," said he.

"That brute of a dog!" hissed the captain; "but this is your fault, sir, and I shall hold you responsible."

"What's the damage?" grinned Turlupot, quite cool. "Send in the bill and I'll tell the tailor to call again."

"This is not the time for joking," was the captain's brief retort. "I shall require reparation."

"You surely don't want me to mend your trousers?" exclaimed Turlupot. "I'm willing, though. I'll call to Jeanette to bring me a needle and thread, and I'll sew you on some cherry leaves to hide the rent. Turn round that I may take your measure."

"Enough, sir! another word and I fling you down."

"Hush, hush! I won't have you two gentlemen quarrelling up there," cried Madame de Sainte-Folye at the foot of the tree; and, overhearing more angry words, she stamped her foot, and compelled the disputants to come down. But as soon as his boots touched the sward, Captain de Patatras beat a hasty and undignified retreat, being mortified to the soul, and furious against all mankind, principally clerks and women. So Xavier Turlupot had the field to himself. Madame de Sainte-Folye, accepting his proffered arm, thanked him, with tears in her eyes, for having afforded her so much amusement, and they strolled off to the strawberry-beds together, accompanied by Isabelle.

This was a great triumph to the clerk; for when a young man is left alone to amuse two members of the other sex, there must be something wrong about him if he

cannot use his opportunity. Turlupot had the grace to pluck some large lettuce-leaves to serve as plates for the tempting fruit which he gathered, and all the while he kept up a fire of amiable pleasantries, which made the countess merry, because the clerk's nasal voice was like the twanging of a jewsharp. Isabelle, however, who had never seen Turlupot under such gallant circumstances, was fairly surprised. The fact is, true love does not tend to promote gymnastics or violent jocularities, so that Xavier had always been a trifle too serious in Isabelle's company; but now he frisked about the garden like a kangaroo in black, and gave Madame de Sainte-Folye the most favorable idea both of his agility and his wit.

"He is charming!" she exclaimed, as the clerk, having stripped the strawberry-beds, ran off to the other end of the garden to gather a nosegay for the countess.

"I am sure he thinks so, madame," replied Isabelle, demurely.

"And don't you?" smiled Madame de Sainte-Folye, who, knowing most things that went on in Ville-Joyeuse, was aware of this also, that Xavier Turlupot was paying a private suit to the rector's daughter.

"I will, if you desire it, madame," was Isabelle's placid answer.

"Oh, it has nothing to do with me; but it seems to me he is very good-tempered and brave. See how he bearded the captain in the tree; I daresay the matter will end in a duel."

"A duel! oh!" exclaimed Isabelle, alarmed.

"No; I will see to that," laughed the countess. "All the same, I hope M. Tur-

lupot will compete for this gynæcology prize, for he would make a most facetious lecturer."

"He is going to compete, I believe."

"Well, that's famous. Have you seen his essay?"

"No; he refused to show it me," said Isabelle, naïvely, and forthwith blushed at this slip of her tongue.

"Never mind," prattled the countess, with a twinkle in her eyes; "you will doubtless hear of it some day, my dear child. I wonder what M. Turlupot can have to say about our sex? Anyhow, as I am to be judge, he shall have the prize if he deserves it."

With this promise, which Xavier did not hear, Madame de Sainte-Folye kissed Isabelle again, and went back to her carriage, escorted by the clerk, who packed her in, and made her his very humble bow as she drove off. On his return he did not jeopardize the good impression he had created through his recent jinks by joining Isabelle in the garden and having a fresh bout of words with her. He repaired to his study to write her some verses, and pondered for five minutes on what subject he should rhyme.

"I'll rhyme on her ribbons," said he. "The other day she was wearing mauve, and I told her it was the prettiest of all colors, so she put on cerise; and when I praised that she donned blue; now I have praised blue she will try something else; but what do I care? Whatever she wears is loveliest." And the amorous clerk gave expression to this sentiment in the following jingle:—

TO ISABELLE.

Mignonne, j'avais autrefois
Sur les couleurs, je le vois,
Un goût bien arbitraire.

J'aimais rose vif et bleu tendre,
Il les fallait, j'osais prétendre,
A la blonde qui voulait plaire.

Mais aujourd'hui que toute belle
Vous montrez couleur nouvelle
Chaque fois que vous sortez;

A prononcer je désespère,
Car la couleur que je préfère,
C'est celle que vous portez.

Before I saw my love, I said,
"My queen shall dress in crimson red
If dark her eyes and hair;

If she have locks of golden hue,
Her robe shall be of tender blue,
Else she can scarce be fair."

I see her now, and day by day
It grows more hard for me to say
Which tint I most prefer.

Each day in some new dye she's drest,
And still to me that dye seems best;
Its beauty comes from her.

Isabelle found this madrigal next morning in the hollow of the oak, and for the first time she did not tear up the verses when she had read them.

III.

As the forty days allowed for the composition of the essays on Woman wore on,

these effusions began to pour into Mr. Rector Boulottin's letter-box in alarming abundance. They came from all parts of France. The postman brought bundles of them at every delivery; and many of them, being regarded as valuables by their authors, were transmitted in registered parcels, for which the rector had to sign

receipts. The good man put all other work aside to attend to these essays; and soon he was obliged to engage two fresh clerks, who, along with Turlupot, spent their days in registering the manuscripts, docketing them, and preparing them for the perusal of Madame de Sainte-Folye.

Isabelle now met with opportunities for gratifying that curiosity which is one of the ornaments of the female mind; for, as essays were flying all over the house, it was easy for her to abstract a few every night and take them to her room to read. What she learned from them mightily surprised her; for the authors one and all dealt with their subject in a patronizing style, indicating their comfortable belief in the superiority of the male sex. Some affected to pity woman, others abused her; all professed the most intimate acquaintance with her weaknesses, and none did her justice. As for girls, the authors unanimously and impatiently described them as the silliest, vainest, greediest, most mischievous creatures ever conjured up for the worry of mankind.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Isabelle, in the deepest disgust, as she flung down her twenty-fifth essay; "and to think that when these men meet us girls they are always bowing and scraping and paying compliments! Oh, the perfidious race!"

And hereat she clenched her tiny fists and laughed derision. You see this was an unsophisticated young lady, who had hitherto taken all the current small coin of social verbiage for sterling metal; but now her eyes were open, and she was resolved that nothing should ever induce her again to believe in the compliments paid to other girls. As to those breathed in her own ears, why if men called her pretty, she could credit that, since her looking-glass said it too; and if she were praised for her wit, grace, and accomplishments, she could afford to look on these tributes also as mere truisms, not as compliments. But for the rest, let no man think to impose upon her in future, and Xavier Turlupot least of all. She found it quite impossible, however, to obtain a glimpse at Turlupot's essay; and the day came at length when this mysterious document, neatly rolled and tied with a pink favor, was to be carried by its author to Madame de Sainte-Folye's mansion. The clerk beautified himself for this occasion with a new suit of clothes and some hair-oil; and Isabelle met him as he was going out. She had lain in wait for him; for it seemed to her that of late he had rather shunned her society, and she desired to give him a piece

of her mind — the least agreeable piece, of course.

"Well, is that the composition which is to make your fortune?" she inquired, pointing mockingly to the roll with the tip of her parasol.

"That's the paper in question, mademoiselle — much at your service," he replied with provoking cheerfulness.

"I wish you joy of it," she said, with set lips; "but I do hope you have not had the matchless effrontery to write ill of us girls — that would be too comical. Oh, my goodness!"

Turlupot merely smirked, so Isabelle went on: "I know of what deceitful stuff you men are made. Before our faces you describe us as the sweetest beings; we rhyme to love, dove, and the realms above. Our eyes are like stars, our smiles are sunbeams (here she mimicked the voice of the clerk in his pleading moments), and with a frown we can plunge you into abysses of despair; but once we are not present to overhear what you say, or see what you write, you tell a different story. I call it cowardly, I do, to hide your real sentiments in that way."

"Pardon me, mademoiselle, it is time for me to be going," said Turlupot, politely.

"Go; nobody stops you. You see you cannot defend yourself against my accusation."

"Yes; I think you the divinest of girls on paper and off it."

"I do not believe a word of your foolish flatteries."

"That only shows that modesty is one among the many gems to which your qualities may be compared."

Isabelle could say nothing to this; but, the street door being opened, she caught sight of Viscount de Patatras ambling by in a new pair of red pantaloons, and on a bay charger. He lifted his white glove to his kepi with an uneasy sort of civility, and colored, for his adventure with the poodle was still fresh in his recollection; and the sight of Turlupot, whom he would have liked to strangle, was repulsive to him. Isabelle blushed too; and the clerk, misinterpreting her confusion, waxed suddenly jealous.

"So I see your resentment against men does not extend to us all," he remarked. "I hear you have been dancing with that puppy at some recent balls?"

"What if I did?" cried Isabelle, firing up. "There is to be another ball at the prefecture in a day or two, and I will dance with him again."

"Don't take Toto with you, then, or the captain would bolt."

"I won't take you either, or the captain might cut your ears off. If it had not been for the countess's intervention you would have been a pretty object by this time."

"Tut, tut! If the captain tries conclusions with me, I'll cut his waxed moustaches off, and force him to swallow them." Saying which Xavier Turlupot clapped his new hat on his head with a violence which stove it in, for it was a cheap hat, and he strode down the street brandishing his essay furiously like a cheese-knife. But Isabelle was pleased at this outburst of temper.

"Well, I have found out the way to make him angry—that's one comfort," she reflected. "It seems, then, men have their weak sides too, though they do rail so conceitedly at ours!" And she tripped indoors, humming some words of an old song, whose burden was *Tra la, la*.

Xavier Turlupot marched, fuming, towards the prefecture, and as he advanced he noticed a great animation pervading the streets. Groups of chattering women hung about; bill-stickers were covering the walls with large placards; and boys were crying special editions of the local newspapers. The reason of all this hubbub was that certain of the candidates, thinking to better their chances by an appeal to the popular voice, had caused their essays to be printed and circulated, some on posters, some in journals, which the crowds perused in a spirit not exempt from gaiety. Other candidates, again, imagining that the prize would be awarded on this very day when the entries closed, had foolishly travelled from far-off cities to learn their fate; and last, but by no means least, a powerful female deputation of Woman's Rights advocates had arrived in Ville-Joyeuse to urge that the gynæcological professor should be a man pledged to all the dogmas of the Woman's Enfranchisement creed. These ladies were for the most part English, Americans, and Russians—there was not a Frenchwoman among them; and they carried banners enscribed with many a startling device, denouncing the subjection of the so-called weak sex.

Turlupot arrived at the prefecture just as this interesting procession debouched from a side street, escorted by a mob of awestricken French boys, and no less mystified policemen. It contained some damsels who were pretty, and might have been trusted to wring what rights they pleased from the Tyrant Man, without

being assisted by the Legislature; while the rest were of a kind whom man would gladly have endowed with the right to bear arms, and honored with the foremost rank in a battle. Turlupot stood aside to let the demonstration pass, and they charged up the steps of the prefecture with a great rustling of skirts, and the stamp of a resolute purpose on their countenances.

The clerk followed them. Up he went to the prefectural reception room, where M. de Saint-Folye, with his glass in his eye, and his wife by his side, stood waiting to receive the deputation. Being a shy man, he disliked this task; but he had evidently been coached by madame as to what he should say, and he said it in stilted official sentences, which conveyed a snub. The countess was dressed in black, and looked very prim whilst her husband spoke. A Frenchwoman does not like to see members of her own sex take part in public affairs, and the countess was for the nonce an altogether different person from the merry lady who had gone cherry-gathering with Turlupot. When the prefect had finished speaking, she gave a freezing bow as a hint to the deputation to depart; and they flustered out, abashed like poultry who have been played upon with garden-hose. Then Turlupot remained with a manuscript under his arm, and the countess turned upon him in a royal rage.

"What; you too come to worry me!" she exclaimed; "how much longer is this foolish pleasantry going to last?"

"But, madame, you gave me your orders to bring my essay in person," answered the clerk, astonished.

"I am sick of essays," cried the countess, with a petulance which drove the prefect, her husband, slinking towards the door. "I have been reading scores of them, and have torn them all up. Every one of those papers was offensive, witless, idiotic—the writers knowing no more about women than monkeys about asparagus. Come into my boudoir and see how I have dealt with them."

She pivoted on her high heels, trailed two yards of silk skirt after her, and pushed open the door of her "sulking bower." A fine sight met Xavier Turlupot's gaze. The carpet, the sofas, the fender, were all littered with pages of foolscap torn into shreds; and in the midst of these ruins the pink and curly-headed Abbé Gentilleux sat on a low stool perusing other manuscripts, and dismally slicing them with a pair of scissors as soon as he had dipped into their contents.

"There, see the Abbé Gentilleux undergoing punishment," ejaculated the countess, pointing at the priest. "Would you believe that he, too, had the base ingratitude to write against us?"

"Oh, madame, you put too hasty a construction on my remarks!" simpered the young abbé as he stood up, looking deeply disgraced.

"What astounds me is the audacity of the man," continued the countess, unheeding him. "What have we women ever done to deserve his sarcasms? We pet him, give him nice dinners, work slippers and fall-stools for him, we confess our sins to him, which men never do, and yet he is not satisfied! And to make things worse, he sends in his essay anonymously, not daring to sign it; but I detected him by the style, though he had disguised his handwriting—that will teach him!"

"Pardon me, madame, I used but a venial subterfuge," humbly pleaded the rosy ecclesiastic.

"Subterfuges are only venial when not found out," answered Madame de Sainte-Folye, drily. "As a punishment you will have to go on reading those manuscripts until I tell you to stop, and every paper that rails against woman must be cut up. As for you, M. Turlupot, if you have taken the conventional view of our sex, you had better hand over your manuscript to M. l'Abbé's scissors without delay."

"By no means, madame," replied the clerk, grasping his precious composition all the tighter; "I much wish you to read my observations. I think you will find I have dealt with your charming sex in all fairness."

"Ah, that would be strange indeed!" ejaculated the countess, incredulously.

"Do me the honor of satisfying yourself by a glance," said the clerk, unrolling his manuscript and presenting it with a bow.

The countess hesitated a moment. She scrutinized Xavier Turlupot fixedly, but his eyes did not quail.

"Well, you are running a risk," said she. "If you have written anything displeasing to me, I will never see you again; so for your own sake you had better answer a few questions. Is there anything in your essay about our diastaltic nerves, or impressionable organisms? Have you stated that we are silly for wearing stays, high heels, and chignons, or for putting on hair-dye, cold cream, and violet powder?"

"I have stated no such thing," declared the clerk, stoutly.

"Have you made any vapid jokes about widows and mothers-in-law?"

"I consider such subjects far too serious for joking," replied Turlupot.

"Have you pretended that a woman's 'No' means 'Yes'?—that we can't keep secrets?—that we never confess our true age?—and that we like a man all the better if he makes us jealous and gives us a beating now and then?"

"All those are heresies against which I protest by my soul," cried the clerk with his hand on his heart.

"Well then, sit down and read," said the countess, resignedly, and she sank on to the sofa; "but mind, the abbé will be watching you from that stool with his scissors, and at the first sign from me he will snip your paper to pieces. So be careful."

Now to give an idea of Xavier Turlupot's essay one ought to quote it, but this would require too much space. It was a pretty long composition, and took an hour in perusal. It was also a highly original production, for, instead of dissecting the idiosyncrasies of women, it dealt chiefly with men; and herein did Turlupot evince his wit that he handled his own sex most treacherously. He depicted man in his relations with women—presumptuous, foolish, mendacious, faithless often, and always selfish. Such little vanities as women are reproached with, he showed to be equally the characteristics of man; and against this bearded, smoking, strutting, and bibulous creature's egotism he set off the many virtues and graces in which woman excels him. What these are any lady can imagine for herself, so there is no need to enumerate them here. But, in sum, this essay operated very soothingly on the nerves of Madame de Sainte-Folye.

During the first five minutes of the reading she reclined on the sofa with a mistrustful glance and toying at her watch-chain, while the Abbé Gentilleux held his scissors on his outstretched finger and thumb as if he expected every moment to receive a signal to make use of them. After five minutes the countess ceased to toy with her chain, and a little later she smiled. Then she laughed outright, and the abbé laid his scissors aside. Turlupot had a style of reading highly conducive to merriment. His voice spanned all the octave between the melodious sound of a fog-whistle and the dulcet notes of the screech-owl. When the countess laughed he did so likewise—like a cockatoo, his very hair, ears, and eyebrows all bristling up together in amused commotion; and presently he and his hostess had a regular

fit of hilarity over some descriptive passages in which Turlupot had sketched some of the male notabilities of Ville-Joyeuse—among them M. de Patatras and the Abbé Gentilleux there present. During this outburst the rosy priest felt bad, as the Americans say. But Madame de Sainte-Folye was delighted, and on the conclusion of the essay she clapped her hands and said: "Bravo, M. Turlupot; a man who knows our sex so accurately as you do is alone worthy to lecture upon us."

It must be repeated that there was very little about the sex in the essay; but ladies state a case in their own way. Just at this moment the footman entered to say that M. Rector Boulottin and the Academical Council were down-stairs craving an audience. "Show them up," cried the countess. "Their arrival is well timed, for they shall hear my decision about the prize."

The Academical Council, nine strong as on the former occasion, had come to represent that there were three cartloads of compositions waiting in the prefectoral court-yard below, and, in view of madame's being unwilling to peruse them all, they volunteered to divide this labor amongst a number of erudite committees who would report.

"No, thank you," answered the countess, peremptorily; "I have made up my mind that M. Xavier Turlupot is to have the prize, and I introduce him to you now as your professor on gynæcee—gynæco—or whatever you call it."

"But surely, madame, we must examine the other essays," stuttered the rector, startled by his clerk's good luck not less than by the countess's disregard for the rules of competition.

"There is no need to read them," replied the countess; "I have read enough. Everybody writes against women except M. Turlupot, who treats us nicely."

"Perhaps that is hardly a reason," grumbled the professor of Coptic.

"What?" exclaimed the countess, turning on him in scorn. "Will you please answer me this, sir? If you had to appoint a professor of poetry, would you choose a man who abhorred verses?"

"No-o," was the discomfited reply.

"And you, sir," staring at the professor of astronomy; "do you think a man must hate sunshine like an owl to be an astronomer?"

"No-o, madame, surely."

"And you, sir" (here she glanced severely at the palæontologist), "is it your

opinion that your chair can only be properly filled by a person who abominates bones?"

The whole nine agreed that the conscientious palæontologist must love bones. "Well then, so it is with women," ejaculated the countess triumphantly: "the man who lectures on gynæcee—gynæco—must love us. However, if you like to read the three cartloads of essays, and discover one nearly as good as M. Turlupot's, its author shall have a second prize."

"But we may discover one or several better than M. Turlupot's," submitted two or three of the professors.

"Enough!" said Madame de Sainte-Folye, frowning and stamping her foot. "Nothing can be better than what is best, and I have pronounced that M. Turlupot's essay is the best. So good day."

The Academical body vanished like a flock of rooks when they hear the click of a gun barrel.

IV.

XAVIER TURLUPOT became suddenly an important personage.

In a country where feminine influence is exceptionally strong he enjoyed the distinction of being the Frenchman who knew more than all others about women. He ranked beside that eminent moralist M. Alexandre Dumas the younger; and that lady-beloved author, M. Octave Feuillet, hailed him as a brother. His name was flatteringly mentioned in the British House of Commons during a debate on the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill; and it was assumed that his teaching was about to inaugurate a new era in the relations between the sexes. The throne of the Tyrant Man seemed to tremble on its base.

In the course of a week after his appointment the new professor received several hundreds of letters of congratulation, advice, and supplication from fair individuals, and also some graver memorials from fair associations, who submitted divers proposals to his philogynæcal consideration:

1st. A proposal for codifying the enactments of all countries relating to women, with a view to inducing the female subjects of the less favored States to emigrate towards more gallant climes.

2nd. A draft of legislation for abolishing the Salic law, and for authorizing actions for breach of promise of marriage which have not hitherto been introduced into France.

And 3rd. A project for establishing in America a polyandrous community where things should be managed in opposition to the Mormon plan, viz., each woman be allowed to have a throng of husbands.

These were a few schemes among the many; but they showed in what a sober spirit M. Turlupot was expected to enter upon his new duties. Meanwhile the professor's portrait appeared in the illustrated papers; he stepped into a salary of twenty thousand francs a year, with prospective pension claims; and the Female Rights Deputation, before leaving Ville-Joyeuse, honored him with a visit and presented him with an album of the photographs of the most elderly members of their association.

All this glory might have turned the head of a vain man, and it certainly had an effect on the heart of Mademoiselle Isabelle, who saw her lover's moral stature raised by a cubit or two. Xavier Turlupot had resigned his situation as clerk to M. Boulottin; but he remained in the rector's house for the present as a distinguished guest, and it seemed to the rector's daughter that he looked much more imposing and less ugly than before. She began to be more civil to him; but he, to punish her for having erst despised him, affected to treat her with punctilious coldness, which was only his joke as usual. Thereat the maiden's spirit rose, and she proceeded to flirt outrageously with the Viscount de Patratras. Whenever she got a chance of praising that warrior in Turlupot's hearing she did so without stint; and at the grand prefectural ball, which was given in honor of the gynæcological contest, she danced twice with him and took his arm to supper. It was then Turlupot's turn to be deeply irritated, to bite his nails, roll his eyes, and vow vengeance; and one morning Isabelle found the following spiteful missive in the hollow of the oak where she went every day to look for letters, as to a *poste restante*:—

TO AN INCONSTANT ONE.

I was almost in love, Isabelle,
I was almost in love, dear, with you;
'Twas before I had learn'd you thus well,
In the days when I thought you were true.

If a voice like the voice of the dove,
And a tint like the tint of the shell,
If such gifts could awaken my love,
I had loved you, I think, Isabelle.

But I care not for trifles like these;
I am cast in a different mould:
Give me arts that forever can please,
And beauties that never grow old.

When the eyes have outlasted their blaze,
And Old Time reft its dye from the hair,
Then a true woman's constancy stays;
But in your case it never was there.

Yet think not I'll wail for my fate,
Or wish I had never been born:
I hold you too cheap for my hate;
I count you too light for my scorn.

So I'll waste not a sigh nor a tear;
For my dead love I'll toll not a knell:
But I'll strive to forget you, my dear,
And I'll love some one else, Isabelle.

There was naturally a pretty scene when Isabelle had read this. She tore up the unmanly libel and trod on it; then she sat down on a bench and began to weep, for she could not bear to think that when time had undyed her hair there would be nothing left of her worth praising. But Turlupot was concealed in some lilac bushes, to watch the effect of his poetry; and when he saw Isabelle crying, he came forth half penitent. "So ho," thought he, "then her indifference to me was all a pretence!"

At sight of the professor, Isabelle started up and hid her handkerchief away, as if she could conceal her tears with it. Her pretty pouting lips and moist blue eyes made her look very winsome, and it smote Xavier Turlupot's heart that he had grieved her; but then why did she behave so waywardly towards him?

"Ah, it's you?" said she, with a sneer. "So you have come to tease me, and you have been spying upon me—that's just like you."

"How do you know it's like me, since I've never spied upon you before?" responded Turlupot, coolly.

"A man who would write such verses as those is capable of anything," said Isabelle.

"How do you know they were addressed to you?"

"Oh, my goodness! did one ever hear such quibbling? Why, my name was on them!"

"So it was. I had forgotten that. Anyhow they only prove that I love you."

"Thank you for such love! How do you treat the people you hate, then?"

"I let them alone. I don't think them worth vexing."

"Well, I wish you would class me among the hated. Now that you are rich, you have begun to give yourself airs; and I suppose you think I am awestricken by your professorship and your money. But I don't care that for either (she snapped her fingers). And, just to teach you to be conceited, I promise you that so long as

you are rich, I will have nothing more to say to you—nothing. I liked you ten times better when you were poor."

"Forgive me if I never perceived it."

"I can't help it if people are blind."

"If I thought it, I would fling all my money away."

"Do it then."

"No, I won't; it would be too foolish," said Turlupot.

"Of course it would," replied Isabelle, mockingly. "Well, mark what I say." And she ran indoors, turning round on the threshold to make a face at him. He, forgetful of his professorial dignity, gave her full change for this impertinence by making at least half-a-dozen faces at her; after which he sauntered off, whistling.

Turlupot did not attach overmuch importance to the threats of an angry young lady; but he could not help reflecting that his twenty thousand francs a year, without Isabelle to share them, would be of small value to him. This thought kept trotting in his mind during all the work he had to go through as a preliminary to commencing his lectures. He was obliged to buy himself a red gown and mortar-cap like other professors; he had to order a complete library of all the books, ancient and modern, which treat of women—for so had old JoqueLIN decided in his will; and he had to attend to the fitting up and furnishing of his lecture-room. In this last particular he was kindly assisted by Madame de Sainte-Folye, who wanted the lecture-room to be very nice. She suggested a thick Turkey carpet, some comfortable quilted armchairs, and she desired the walls to be adorned with portraits of "all the good women in history." "First we will hang up a likeness of Lucretia Borgia," said she.

"Why, she poisoned her four husbands," remarked Xavier Turlupot, with a start.

"Never mind that; she knew how to rule, and Donizetti has set her adventures to music; besides, Tarquin behaved abominably to her," replied the countess, whose notions of history were not as clear as the waters of an Artesian well.

"Good; and whom else shall we hang up?" asked Turlupot, resignedly.

"Why, Aspasia and Petrarch's Laura."

"But they were not married."

"I suppose they never found time . . . but they were good women."

"Shall we add Xanthippe to the list?"

"Who was she?"

"She used to manage her husband with a broomstick."

"Some men will accept no other kind of

guidance: I daresay I should have got on well with her. But now you must have the portrait of that lady who invented needles. I forget her name, but she was the model of a housewife, and died of a snake-bite."

"Do you mean Cleopatra?" said Turlupot.

"Yes, Cleopatra—that's the name," answered Madame de Sainte-Folye.

It will be seen that the prefect's wife maintained an unabated interest in her *protégé*; and indeed, as the time approached when the young professor was to deliver his inaugural lecture, she concocted programmes for giving the ceremony a suitable *éclat*. For a while other ladies in Ville-Joyeuse co-operated with her; and Turlupot, though so ill-favored a swain, was mentioned in terms of endearment wherever two or three of the fair sex were gathered together—a circumstance which much disgusted husbands, brothers, lovers, and other such.

But in all things human there is a reaction, and Turlupot's popularity was destined to ebb as suddenly as it had flowed; and this owing to a calamity for which he was not directly responsible.

It began to be noticed that weddings had altogether ceased in Ville-Joyeuse!

Young men and maidens were so busy in disputing over the comparative merits of the two sexes, that they grew shy of espousing each other. The precious hours of youth that should be spent in courtship were wasted in wrangles. Epigrams took the place of love ditties, and teasing words were exchanged where there should have been only coolings and muffled laughter. It was worse among married couples. Wives dissented on the ethics of matrimony, instead of attending to the boiled beef; and husbands, who were pestered at finding long diatribes against women (the effusions of rejected candidates) in their newspapers, voted gynæcology an immense bore. Taking Xavier Turlupot as their scapegoat, these gentlemen cursed the new professor roundly, which made the women stand up for him all the more. But in their heart of hearts the women became soured too against the man whom they accused of having estranged them from other men, so that gradually there set in against Turlupot a strong undercurrent of ill-will, which only required some accident to manifest itself. Madame de Sainte-Folye was too capricious a lady not to be carried away in her turn by the tide. So long as she heard only that the market-girls, the clergy, and match-making

mammas were bemoaning the disrepute into which marriage had fallen—so long as she was regaled with stories of hen-pecked husbands or heard the voices of street boys trolling anti-feminine ballads abroad—she could afford to laugh; but she bounded like a young cat one day when it was hinted to her that her perspicacity had been at fault, and that in patronizing Turlupot she might, after all, have been only cherishing a viper who would bite her.

"See," said these tattlers, "this man has shown so much ability in winning the professorship, that he may display equal nerve in keeping it. How do you know that, when once installed, he will not fall to abusing our sex as all the rest do? There is more popularity to be earned amongst his fellow-men by deriding us than by taking our part!"

When Madame de Sainte-Folye heard this, the wrath was kindled within her, and she sent for Turlupot to come at once, post-haste. He came, and she eyed him askance.

"It is an understood thing, Mr. Professor, that you will give me beforehand the texts of all the lectures you intend to deliver," said she pointedly.

"If you like, madame," answered the gynæcologist.

"And you will only say to your audiences such things as I please?"

"Oh, that is another pair of shoes!"

"What do you mean by 'another pair of shoes'?"

"I mean that I am bound by the terms of M. Joquelein's will to say certain things, and I must be independent."

"Even at the risk of offending me?"

"You are too amiable to be offended because I do my duty."

"There is no other duty here but to obey me; do you hear that, sir?" cried the prefect's wife. "If you are not satisfied, I must beg you to resign."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't do that—catch me!"

"Then you intend to defy me?"

"Look here, madame," said Turlupot, thinking to turn off this storm with a jest. "If you bully me, I'll lecture upon you—you'll see if I don't. I'll point out to my fellow-townsmen what a sweet thing it is to be governed by a pretty despot in mittens."

This deplorable sally sealed poor Turlupot's fate. The countess dismissed him from her presence, calling him "traitor;" and from that hour the professor of gynæcology had no more determined enemy than Madame de Sainte-Folye.

She soon showed it by speaking everywhere of his ingratitude; and, as her word was law in Ville-Joyeuse, the crowd of those who added their accusing voices to hers became exceeding great. Pent-up spite, envy, malice, burst out in all directions, and Xavier Turlupot found himself much in the position of those prime ministers who, borne on the shoulders of the mob to-day, are pelted with eggs to-morrow. In the *cafés* among men, and at family firesides where women babble, he was denounced as an enemy of the public peace whose functions were to consist in setting the sexes by the ears. Lovers became reconciled, husbands and wives forgot their tiffs, and sealed in conjugal embraces a compact to "put down Turlupot." Nor was this all, for the good Bishop of Ville-Joyeuse withdrew the light of his countenance from the sinner; and the rosy Abbé Gentilleux, glad to pay off old scores, preached a cathedral sermon, in which he significantly hinted how the Inquisition used to deal in old days with persons who set themselves up, professing to know more than others.

Isabelle observed that her lover's nose was conspicuously lengthening owing to the cares which made his cheeks shrink. He found no one to stand by him; and this evoked the pity of the girl, who, seeing him so disconsolate, would have extended the hand of friendship had he sought it. But he did not; and revenged himself for being sent to Coventry by vowing that he would shortly make his voice heard so that it would resound all over the land. Sinister rumors were flying about, for it was said that a cabal of market-women would invade the lecture-room on the opening day of term, and force the gynæcological professor from his pulpit. But it was no use seeking to intimidate Xavier Turlupot by such threats as these. He remained firm as a ramrod, and had lost nothing of his nerve when the great day arrived, and he stood clothed in his scarlet cap and gown, ready to start for the college.

What a day it was!—a day never to be forgotten in Ville-Joyeuse! It was on a Thursday, when the markets were held; and from an early hour the drovers and salesmen, the fishwives and dairymaids, the policemen, street boys, flower-girls, and strolling musicians gathered about in clusters, unmindful of their ordinary business. Some oxen broke loose in the confusion and ran among the vegetable stalls, while pigs, fowls, and rabbits got somehow mixed up together in the shambles where the

calves were bleating. The voices of the market-women were shriller that day than they had ever been.

Twelve o'clock clanged out from the cathedral steeple, and this was the hour when the term was to be formally opened by the different professors entering into their lecture-rooms. The excitement in the streets was intense; and when Xavier Turlupot appeared in the market-place with his red gown ballooning behind him, and his square cap planted firmly on his head, like the chapter of a Doric column, a rush of the populace took place to get a view of him. But he looked fierce as a lean wolf, and the spectators fell back in two rows, a little timid, and not venturing to express their feelings otherwise than with the tongue.

"Oh, the ugly man!" exclaimed some of the girls.

"Well, he's a beauty to be sure," chorused the women.

"Go it, Turlupot!" cried some workmen, humorously.

But the professor passed on heedless of these barkings, and so reached the college. Now here a great throng of students were assembled; and indeed all the other professors, finding their lecture-rooms deserted, had descended into the court-yard, to watch the arrival of their learned brother and gloat over his discomfiture. Arrayed in red and black gowns, they were massed in a corner of the yard, and were staring and nudging each other. The rector alone, being responsible for the good order of academical proceedings, flustered about with his mace-bearers, beseeching everybody to be quiet. M. Boulottin liked his ex-clerk, and through all the latter's recent unpopularity had remained passively faithful to him; so now, when Turlupot arrived, this honest official caught him by the arm, and almost pushed him into the lecture-room. "There!" gasped he; "I often warned you against worldly ambition, but you wouldn't hear me. Now you must shift for yourself."

Turlupot climbed into his rostrum, and was instantly greeted with a storm of yells, hisses, cat-calls, and some mingling of applause from a densely-packed audience of students, who rose in tier upon tier to the number of five hundred or so. Party-feeling was pretty equally divided; for while some were anxious to hear what the professor had to say, others were intent only on making a row. It is probable, however, that the quieter section would have succeeded in obtaining silence at last, had not the rioters been opportunely reinforced by

some allies from the other sex. Scarcely had Turlupot removed his cap when the folding-doors of the room were shoved violently open, and a mob of market-women flowed in, brandishing mops, brooms, and carrots, and screaming, "Down with him!"

"Out with the hags!" cried the orderly students.

"Let them fight it out!" roared the disorderly ones, with loud laughter.

"Gentlemen, I appeal to you for protection!" shouted Turlupot; but a deftly hurled carrot, which struck him on the mouth, checked his utterance; and the next moment he was collared by a pair of sturdy fishwives, who sought to drag him down, raving, "We'll teach you what women can do!"

Hereon a glorious scrimmage ensued. The orderly students, rallying round their professor, were beaten back with the mops and vegetables, and with the books of their rowdier comrades thrown as missiles. Turlupot, having no other weapons but his inkstand, divided its contents impartially between the countenances of the two fishwives; but when he had done this, he had spent his ammunition, without in any way bettering his case. Two formidable slaps, one on each ear, punished his pugnacity; and, to make matters worse, the windows of the class-room were now opened, and a laughing, squealing, pink-fisted bevy of peasant girls jumped down among the benches to help the riper women. The orderly students, who might have fought against these latter, were disarmed at sight of the girls, and fled quadriviously. Then Turlupot was left defenceless; and seeing there was nothing for it but to run, he did run as never professor ran before. Catching up his gown as women do their skirts in muddy weather, he charged through the door, leaping over benches, brooms, and women whom he knocked over, and made for the street. The girls followed him, however, throwing eggs, vegetables, and taunts; and so keen was their pursuit, that the gynæcologist was glad to escape lynching by tumbling into the first house on his road, which happened to be the chief hotel in Ville-Joyeuse—the "Tête de Bœuf." There, sinking on a chair, he panted for a glass of water and the police. "I know women now," added he: "they are furies."

It was just at this moment that a fly, coming from the railway station, ploughed its way through the human surf, and reached the door of that very "Tête de Bœuf."

Three persons, of sunburnt, exotic aspect, evidently much astonished by the riot they had witnessed through the fly windows, alighted, and asked for rooms. The one was a stout, strapping lady, with grey hair and a lemon face and eyeballs; and the two others a pair of thin, bearded, brown young men, as much alike as two cakes of gingerbread. The hotel-keeper, who had just stowed away Xavier Turlupot in the wine-cellar to prevent the mob from getting at him, came forward to greet the strangers.

"A suite of rooms," demanded the stout lady, in a domineering voice; and she added, "rooms for Madame Joquelin and her two sons."

The hotel-keeper gave a start. "What, madame? May I inquire if you are any relation to our late lamented townsman, M. Joquelin?"

"Why, of course; I'm his wife, and these are his sons," exclaimed the stout lady. "He left me twenty-five years ago in Bolivia, and these twins were born six months after his departure, so that he never saw them. We heard lately that he had died, leaving all his fortune among strangers; but that won't do, and we have come to claim our own."

"Ah, that dishes the gynæcologist!" remarked the hotel-keeper.

"What do you say?" asked the stout lady.

"Nothing, madame," replied the publican.

v.

YES, the gynæcologist was dished. It will be remembered that the deceased Joquelin had alluded in his will to his third wife, whom he had deserted, and who, he piously hoped, had not died of yellow fever. Providence had not only spared the good lady, but had consoled her with a pair of gingerbread sons, who, according to French law, were entitled to share with their mother all their father's property. French law is formal in such matters. When a man has children, he must not bequeath his money away from them; and, by merely proving their identity, the claimants from Bolivia set old Joquelin's will at naught.

So Xavier Turlupot lost his professorship and his salary, and was fain to resume his situation as M. Boulottin's clerk. All he had gained from his brief honors was a black eye, which obliged him to wear a patch for ten days, and did not improve his appearance.

But stay—he got something else, for

he won the heart of his master's daughter.

Isabelle, pitying his fall and feeling for his loneliness gave him to understand by some kind words of sympathy that she was not indisposed towards him as of old; and Turlupot, who required but little encouragement, retaliated forthwith by offering her his hand.

The love scene occurred in the garden one day when the autumn sun was shining, and the grass was all covered with sere leaves. Lifting his patch, and gazing tenderly on the girl through the eye which had been black but was now custard-colored, Turlupot took Isabelle's little fingers and said: "Will you accept this hand, Belle, though there is nothing in it?"

"I will accept it *because* there is nothing in it," replied the maiden, stoutly.

"You are an angel," ejaculated Turlupot; and there was a pause, during which something occurred which made Isabelle redden and cry, "Don't!" "But what will your father say?" added the clerk.

"He will object at first, but give in at length, as he always does," said Isabelle.

"And your mother?"

"She will object too, and then assist me to make papa give in."

"Ah, I see every one gives in to you," observed Turlupot; "and I suppose I shall have to do the same."

"You won't be the worse for it," replied the pretty maid. "It's the best thing a man can do to give way to women—or girls."

From The Nineteenth Century.

A FEW WORDS ON MR. FREEMAN.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SIR,—Two years ago you admitted into the *Nineteenth Century* a series of short papers written by me on the "Life and Times of Becket." I was not proposing to myself to write a "history" of that life or those times; my object was merely to draw attention to the volumes now appearing in the series of the master of the rolls containing new "materials for Becket's life," and so far as I went into the details of the story I confined myself to the quarrel between Becket and Henry the Second, to the circumstances which led to the archbishop's murder and immediate canonization, and to the condition of the Church which gave those events their peculiar significance. The political history of the

time, and the early history of Becket in connection with it, would have required a volume to themselves. Such a volume I had no occasion to write, and that part of the subject, therefore, I passed over in a few pages.

These few pages have been criticised at elaborate length in the *Contemporary Review* by Mr. Freeman, whose unquestionable knowledge of the history of the twelfth century, if knowledge were all that was required, peculiarly fitted him for his task. I might complain, perhaps, that four-fifths of what I wrote, the essential portion of the matter, he has passed over without notice. But if he wished to attack me, he had a right to choose the weakest places, and I confess, with as much readiness as natural infirmity will allow, that in this preliminary sketch he has convicted me of having made one direct mistake, of having allowed two misprints of names to pass uncorrected, and of having expressed myself in three or four sentences in stronger language than I was entitled to use. I do not plead guilty to the charge of being ignorant of everything which I do not mention. I refrained from discussing irrelevant questions on which I had no call to enter, and because I wished—liberal as you were to me of your space—to reserve as much as possible of it for the purpose which I had immediately in hand. It was unnecessary, therefore, on Mr. Freeman's part to accuse me of not knowing what was to be found in children's elementary reading-books. Had this been all, however, I should have taken my punishment silently. I might have thought that it exceeded the offence; that, in inflicting it, Mr. Freeman had made as many mistakes as I had; that my papers had not been republished, were not designed for republication, and had not received the benefit of the revision which very few review articles are not found to need before they are reproduced in another form. But when faults have to be admitted, the offender may not himself prescribe the measure of his retribution; he must take his medicine, and endeavor to benefit by it, without complaining that he has received an over-dose of aloes.

Mr. Freeman has gone beyond the office of reviewer. He has used the occasion for an invective upon my whole literary life, and even my personal character and history; he has described me as dishonest, careless of truth, destitute of every reputable quality save facility in writing which I turn to a bad purpose, and hopeless of amendment.

Even this, however, I suppose that I

should have borne from a natural unwillingness to trouble the public with a matter which is my own private concern, and from a sense that, by replying to Mr. Freeman's accusations, I might seem to acknowledge that he had *prima facie* grounds for what he has done. But I have a reason for entering on my defence on this one occasion, which your readers will perhaps admit to be a valid one.

For twenty years my writings and myself have been the subject of attacks of an exceptionally unfavorable kind in the *Saturday Review*—attacks continued with a persistence which even persons the most favorably disposed towards me could not believe to be wholly without justification. The world attributed these articles to Mr. Freeman. I know not whether they were written by him or not, but they carried the weight of Mr. Freeman's reputation, while, as they were anonymous, I could not reply to them. I did indeed, many years ago, on an occasion of what I believed to be a very gross misrepresentation, ask the late editor of the *Saturday Review* to insert a short letter from me, but I was refused in language which showed that it would be useless for me to make another application. But Mr. Freeman has now adopted the most producible charges in these articles under his own name. Having been so frequently reiterated, they perhaps appear to him as established facts; and few as they are in comparison with the whole mass of accusations which the *Saturday Review* has heaped upon me, I have an opportunity at last of showing what some at least of these criticisms are worth.

When my "History of England" was completed in 1869, the reviewer, evidently the same person who had been so long busy with me, spoke of me as having been his *victim* for fourteen years. The word exactly expressed my condition. Victims are generally innocent and helpless. I knew myself to be guiltless of nine-tenths of the crimes alleged against me, while I was without the slightest chance of defending myself. In themselves, had I even committed them, these crimes were of the most trivial kind, and seemed important only from the insinuations with which they were dressed out. I endeavored, till I grew weary of it, to use the reviewer's help to discover and amend my faults, without quarrelling with the shape in which it was offered. Six or seven blunders in the twelve volumes, and those not affecting in the smallest degree any point of consequence, were all which he enabled me to recognize. Once, indeed, when he

produced a mistake which I think he said had made his hair stand on end,* I was frightened by his vehemence. I supposed that he must be right, and I made an alteration in consequence. I discovered afterwards that I had been led, not out of error, but into it. To many other persons who noticed my work I was indebted for extremely valuable suggestions. From the *Saturday Reviewer* I received next to none. It may be that the character of the criticism made me at last pay too slight attention to it.

Mr. Freeman, however, having, as I said, reproduced some of these charges in his own name, I have determined, after some hesitation, to point out the character of so many of them as he has revived, and to notice a few others of a similar kind, of which he makes use in his personal indictment of me. I think I shall be able to show that if I was really as guilty as he supposes, as regardless of truth, as unscrupulous in assertion, as unable to distinguish between outward facts and my own imagination, as Mr. Freeman says that I am, he at least is not entitled to throw stones at me. I think I shall show that "prejudice," "passion," "ignorance," "inability to state facts correctly," "going beyond the evidence," "exaggeration," "an incurable twist," or, as he sometimes puts it, "persistent ill luck," whether they are or are not characteristic of my own writings, have certainly distinguished Mr. Freeman's remarks upon myself. I do not infer of Mr. Freeman, as he does of me, that he is hopelessly untrustworthy, beyond cure, incorrigible, etc. I infer only that he is mortal; that, in writing about a person whom he dislikes, he suffers from the same "twist" which he condemns in others; that he can be as incorrect in his statements, as unjust in his inferences, as they are; and that about such a person he is disqualified, on his own principles, from forming a fair opinion.

To prove this I need go no further than the first of his four articles in the *Contemporary Review*. Were I to go over the whole ground, I should have to ask for as much space as Mr. Freeman has occupied himself. I shall content myself, so far as the personal question is concerned, with taking a few instances of various kinds from his opening pages.

Mr. Freeman commences with a sentence which is grossly impertinent. "Natural kindliness," he says, "if no other

feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the work of a long-forgotten brother."

How can Mr. Freeman know my motive for not speaking of my brother in connection with Becket, that he should venture upon ground so sensitive? I mentioned no modern writers, except once Dean Stanley. Natural kindliness would have been more violated if I had specified my brother as a person with whose opinions on the subject I was compelled to differ. I spoke of the rehabilitation of Becket as among the first efforts of the High Church school. My brothers "Remains" were brought out by the leaders of that school after his death as a party manifesto, and for my own part I consider the publication of the "Remains" the greatest injury that was ever done to my brother's memory.

But this is venial compared with what follows. He goes on: "And from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame." "Stabs in the dark"? Can Mr. Freeman have measured the meaning of the words which he is using? If I had written anonymous articles attacking my brother's work, "stabs in the dark" would have been a correct expression; and Mr. Freeman has correctly measured the estimate likely to be formed of a person who could have been guilty of doing anything so discreditable. Irrespective of "natural kindliness," I look back upon my brother as on the whole the most remarkable man I have ever met in my life. I have never seen any person — not one — in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure. Of my personal feeling towards him I cannot speak. I am ashamed to have been compelled, by what I can describe only as an inexcusable insult, to say what I have said.

After an allusion to Flogging Fitzgerald, for whom it seems I have apologized, Mr. Freeman goes on to Henry the Eighth, the easy subject on which the *Saturday Review* has for so many years been eloquent. He has begun, it appears, to discover that there were some features in Henry's character not entirely of a ferocious kind; but he has still something to learn. "This same man," he says, "robbed the churches of their most sacred treasures. He squandered and gambled away *all* that men before his time had agreed to respect."

Mr. Freeman has a great objection to exaggeration. He will have us speak by

* I have no copy of the article, and quote from memory. It appeared, as well as I remember, in February, 1870.

the card. And Mr. Freeman says that *all* was squandered and gambled away. Did he never hear of the new bishoprics? He had himself spoken of the new foundations in a previous sentence. Did he never hear of Edward the Sixth's Grammar Schools? He perhaps refers to the Abbey plate and jewels. Did he never attend to the enormous exertions of Henry the Eighth to put the kingdom in a state of defence against the threatened invasion from Spain and France?—of the castles which were built at Deal and Dover and many places besides?—of the fortification of Portsmouth?—of the fleet?—of the survey of the whole south coast and the preparations made to protect it? The expenses of all this were paid for out of the spoils of the religious houses, if not in whole, at least in part, and in far larger part than has been generally recognized. That much of the monastic property was sold on easy terms to the great peers and landowners is notorious, and was also inevitable. But more of it was saved, at the time of the suppression, for religious or national purposes in England than was saved in Germany, France, and Spain, all put together. Yet Mr. Freeman says *all* was squandered and gambled away.

A more important passage follows. "This could not have happened," Mr. Freeman goes on, "to one who had made history the study of his life. But Mr. Froude, by his own statement, has not made history the study of his life. Mr. Froude, in that singular confession which he once published, explained that he took to the writing of English history because he had nothing else to do."

In this passage there are two misstatements and one evidence of carelessness, which so accurate a writer ought to have avoided. I never made any such statement, I never gave any such explanation, and the "confession" of which he speaks as appearing on a flyleaf of "The English in Ireland" is the preface to the stereotyped edition of the "History of England" which appeared two years before. Mr. Freeman, who speaks so vehemently of my errors, might at least have consulted the last edition of my work to see which of them I had corrected. Mr. Freeman complains that I cannot tell a story as I find it, and that I substitute something else of my own for the words of my authorities. Let me try Mr. Freeman by his own test. The single foundation for this charge against me is the first paragraph of the preface of which I have spoken. I will quote it.

The occasion of my undertaking the present work was, as regards myself, an involuntary leisure forced upon me by my inability to pursue the profession on which I had entered, but which I was forbidden by the law to exchange for another; and, secondly, the attitude towards the Reformation of the sixteenth century which had been assumed by many influential thinkers in England and on the Continent.

The second reason might have shown Mr. Freeman that I had paid some attention to my subject before I began to write upon it, and that therefore I did not take it up only because I had nothing else to do. But I must say more. I am compelled to speak of myself, much as I dislike doing so. I am put on my defence for my reputation, and I cannot help myself. I do not know what Mr. Freeman means by "making history the study of his life." Life begins under conditions in which we cannot profitably study history, and we have other things to learn. I may say this, however, that English history throughout my early years had more interest for me than any other subject. I began a series of special studies for the Reformation period when I left Oxford in 1849. The first two volumes of the "History of England" were published in 1856. The preparation was perhaps inadequate for so great an undertaking, but it can hardly be described as none. Mr. Freeman is not "more fortunate," to use his own expression, in his interpretation of what I said about "involuntary leisure." When I gave up my fellowship at Exeter College, I found myself, like other people, obliged to settle to some definite occupation. I would have gladly gone to the bar, or studied medicine, or gone into business. I should have greatly preferred a profession in which I could work in peace unexposed to what I regard as the special trial and temptation of a literary life—the perpetual comments, either in praise or censure, of the press. But, as the law then stood, these roads were closed to me. I had to ask myself how I was to spend my remaining years. I did not wish, I could not afford, to be idle; and, though I knew I had but the most moderate capacity for it, literature was the only alternative left open to me. "Fiction," unless it is the best in its kind, is better unwritten, and I had not vanity enough to suppose that I could write any work of fiction which would deserve such an appellation. I resolved, therefore, to devote myself to history, where I hoped that I might produce something which would not be wholly without value.

"The consequence was," says Mr. Freeman, "that he rushed at a particular period *without any preparation* from the study of earlier periods."

I "rushed"! I have already said that I was engaged for seven years in preparation before my first volumes were published—not exclusively, because I was obliged to maintain myself by other work in the mean time, but all my best efforts were given to it.

"No one," he continues, "who really knows English history, can fail to see in *almost every page* of Mr. Froude's account of Henry the Eighth signs of imperfect knowledge of the days before Henry the Eighth."

All human knowledge is, I suppose, imperfect. Mine, when I began to write, was, I dare say, in many respects very imperfect. But Mr. Freeman's method is the convenient one of assuming that what I did not mention I had never heard of. He and the *Saturday Reviewer* (for this is an old story) should have shown that in every other page I had said something incompatible with adequate knowledge of the earlier periods, and such evidence of incompatibility as he has produced is not of a convincing kind. When a particular series of events has to be described, a beginning must be made somewhere. I began with my own subject, but I believe I may say, while on this point, that I was the first to draw into distinct prominence a very important fact—that the interest of Parliament in the divorces and remarriages of Henry the Eighth arose from the recollection of the Wars of the Roses, the dread of a disputed succession, and the anxiety for a male heir of undisputed legitimacy.

But Mr. Freeman gives an illustration. "The man," he says, "who insisted on the statute-book being the text-book of English history showed that he had never heard of the '*peine forte et dure*.'"

"That I had never heard!" It is true that my recollection failed me when a demand was made upon it in an unexpected form. I found at Simancas a report containing, among other things, a confused account of the punishment of an English pirate. He was said, I think, to have been put under a cannon. I have no doubt that the reference was to the "*peine forte et dure*," though at the moment it did not occur to me; but to say that I never heard of it is mere childishness on Mr. Freeman's part.

My negligence comes next under consideration. "Lord Macaulay," Mr. Free-

man tells us, "clearly made it his business to see with his own eyes the places of which he had to speak. Mr. Froude seems *never* to have done anything of the kind."

The reference here is to the martyrdom of Hooper at Gloucester—certainly I had not been at Gloucester when I wrote my account of it. The charge, however, is not that I misdescribed the localities, but that I failed to describe them as Lord Macaulay would have done. If such an accusation needs an answer, as Mr. Freeman seems to think by reproducing it out of the *Saturday Review*, I must reply, first, that it is hard to compare me with Lord Macaulay; and, secondly, that he should have been accurate himself in his own language. I do not know that Macaulay went to every place of which he had to speak; if he did, I can but say that Macaulay was rich and I was poor. I had a family to support; Macaulay had none. I went where I was able to go. I spent much that I could ill afford in examining localities when it was of consequence to understand them, yet Mr. Freeman says *never*.

But ignorance and negligence are venial compared with the moral defects of my mind. Mr. Freeman says:—

Mr. Froude's treatment of later times displays a characteristic which goes further to disqualify him from treating any subject of mediæval history. This is his fanatical hatred towards the English Church at all times and under all characters. Reformed or unreformed, it is all the same. Be it the Church of Dunstan, of Anselm, or of Arundel, of Parker, or of Laud, or of Tillotson, it is all one to Mr. Froude.

I might have expected much from Mr. Freeman, but all my experience of him could not have prepared me for this passage. In the very "confession," as he calls it, and of which he has said so much, I explained at length that my motive for selecting as a subject the Tudor period was the injustice which I conceived to have been done by Lord Macaulay and others to the fathers of the Reformed English Church, to Cranmer especially, the chief compiler of the Liturgy, and the author of some of the most beautiful parts of it. The very point of the first six volumes of my history was to show what unfair treatment Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, and their companions in suffering had met with from modern writers. If I appeared as an apologist at all, it was as the apologist of Cranmer, whose character I con-

ceived to require and deserve peculiarly tender consideration. Of the Church of England, so far as it has represented Cranmer's spirit, I have never written an unfavorable word—I have never entertained an unfavorable thought. I have regretted that this spirit was not more fully dominant. If it had been so, the worst misfortunes of the seventeenth century would have been avoided; and in my own opinion (the question here is of my personal sentiments) we should at the present day have been in a happier condition than we are. Mr. Freeman says I hate the Church of Tillotson as much as the Church of Laud. Mr. Freeman must have a singular power of insight into me. When have I ever spoken of Tillotson? If I had, it would have been to wish that all archbishops since the Reformation had resembled him. What I have disliked and dislike in old times or in modern, in Becket, and in Laud, and in the Ritualistic revival of our own time, has been the assumption by the clergy of a supernatural character and a supernatural authority. The belief in a mysterious power transmitted by the imposition of hands existed of course, latent or expressed, from the second century to the sixteenth. But wise men did not build any large claims upon it. No more beautiful characters have been ever wrought out of human nature than those of some of the mediæval churchmen. I drew myself a sketch of one of these in my account of St. Hugh of Lincoln. But it was not by a St. Hugh that the claims of the sacerdotal order were most loudly insisted on. My review of the life of Becket was written to show that the churchmen who gave prominence to the pretensions of sacerdotalism were not the best of their order, that the assertion of those pretensions was incompatible with the political safety of the country, and that it issued after Becket's death in the most extraordinary mass of lies which were ever palmed upon human credulity. It was against the assumption by the clergy of a power of working miracles that Europe revolted in the sixteenth century. The shadow of the supernatural character which was left by Elizabeth in the Church of England for political purposes was the active cause of the Puritan rebellion, of the deadness which followed on the reaction from that rebellion, of the growth of modern Dissent, of the exclusion from the Establishment of so much that is most earnest and beautiful in the religious mind of this country, and of the spiritual separation between England and Scotland. From the same

cause have arisen the decay of Evangelicalism in the Church of England itself and the growth to its present dimensions of the Oxford movement of 1833. That movement has called out energy—energy enough, I dare say, but whether energy in a right direction has yet to be seen. To me it appears that when a vessel is growing unseaworthy the right method is to probe the weak places and replace them with sound timber, and that to paint and varnish and gild will not answer. I regret the revival of what are called Church principles, because they are based on the assumption of what has no truth in it; and when men take up with falsehood, bad consequences are sure to follow. If Mr. Freeman likes to call this fanatical hatred, he may choose his own expressions. The emotion which he thus describes is no more than a conviction that unreality has never worked for good in this world, and never will.

A more unfair, a more unjustifiable sentence was never written by Mr. Freeman than this illustration of his mode of dealing with me, unless perhaps I except the words with which he goes on.

It is, I should guess, a degree of hatred, which must be peculiar to those who have entered her ministry and forsaken it.

Hatred, I entirely agree with Mr. Freeman, is the worst of human passions. Mr. Freeman must be presumed to be incapable of such a passion, or I might have inferred that he had written this passage under the influence of it. I entered deacon's orders in 1845. To take orders was at that time a condition for the tenure of a fellowship. I found myself unfitted for a clergyman's position, and I abandoned it. I did not leave the Church. I withdrew into the position of a lay member, in which I have ever since remained. I gave up my fellowship, and I gave up my profession with the loss of my existing means of maintenance and with the sacrifice of my future prospects. Had I been "the false prophet" which Mr. Freeman elsewhere politely terms me—had I been as indifferent to truth, as forgetful of the obligations of honesty, as he tells his readers that I am—is it likely that I should have left a beaten highway of life on which the going forward is so easy and so assured? Is it likely that I should have selected instead to make my way across country on the back of literature, where, besides the natural difficulties, the anonymous reviewer is waiting to trip the unhappy rider at every fence, or clamors at him as a fool like the

enchanted stones on the mountain in the "Arabian Nights"?

Is it a reproach to leave at such hazards a profession for which a man finds himself unqualified? Would it not be an incomparably greater reproach to have yielded to the temptation and remained in it? Is it not enough that the existing prejudice on this subject bars a man's way to every regular employment which he might have looked for otherwise? Is it fair, is it tolerable, that Mr. Freeman and the Saturday Reviewer should avail themselves of that prejudice to point to my deacon's orders as if they were an ink-blot and a mark of shame? Literary criticism does indifferent credit to itself when it condescends to these unworthy expedients.

"Justice," Mr. Freeman continues, "will never be done to the mediæval Church either by fanatical votaries or fanatical enemies. Mr. Froude has tried both characters, and both characters are incompatible with justice, incompatible with truth." Mr. Freeman, I suppose, would claim for himself the merit of impartiality. I quote this passage merely as an instance of his carelessness of statement. Of the "fanatical enemy" part of the matter I have said enough. But when was I a "*fanatical votary*" of the mediæval Church? He alludes perhaps to a "Life of St. Neot" which I wrote thirty-six years ago. I can think of nothing else which could have suggested such a notion to him. Did Mr. Freeman ever read that life? Is there any trace of fanaticism in it? I wrote an account of St. Neot at the request of a person for whom I had a profound personal admiration, but he would smile at the supposition that I was fanatical or capable of fanaticism. In my reading on that occasion, and in my subsequent hagiological studies, I found myself in an atmosphere where any story seemed to pass as true that was edifying. I did not like my occupation, and drew out of it.

Mr. Freeman continues that I have made more than one "raid" into the history of times earlier than those with which I deal in my chief work. "The things sketched," he says, "have, for the most part, no existence save in Mr. Froude's imagination." Mr. Freeman is hard to please. One moment he blames me for not having attended to earlier times. The next he blames me for making "raids" into them. The word "raid" seems to imply that particular periods are the reserved property of particular persons, who claim to have specially attended to them. It will be an unfortunate day for literature

when a monopoly of this kind is allowed, or when the self-constituted owners are permitted to treat as trespassers those who wish to look into such periods for themselves. I was not aware that my imagination was so powerful as Mr. Freeman declares it to be; I can myself make no answer to so sweeping and all-comprehensive an assertion. The authorities with which I have dealt in these brief raids are easily accessible and not very numerous; my own sketches are easily accessible also. I can wish for nothing better than that the reader will be pleased to compare them, and will then reconsider the language in which Mr. Freeman speaks of what I have written.

"An inborn incurable twist," he says, "makes it impossible for Mr. Froude to make an accurate statement about any matter. By some destiny which he cannot escape, instead of the narrative which he finds he invariably substitutes another story out of his own head." Again I must ask the reader to look for himself. It is true that I substitute a story in English for a story in Latin, a short story for a long one, and a story in a popular form for a story in a scholastic one. But these differences appeared to me to rise from the nature of the case. Mr. Freeman goes on: "The law which compels Mr. Froude to tell his story in a different way from his authority is best illustrated by those instances which are of no controversial and little historical importance. Come what may, Mr. Froude's story must not be the story of the book." The example given is the uncorrected misprint of Fitzwilliam for Fitzwalter. I do not excuse my oversight, but there are degrees of culpability and degrees in the inferences which may be legitimately drawn.

But Mr. Freeman suggests grave doubts as to my capacity as a translator.

Nor can it be supposed [he says] that Mr. Froude can really believe that "*prædictæ rationes*" means shortened rations.

Mr. Freeman cannot suppose that I really believe it, but he evidently means that I seem to believe it; and he is so anxious that his readers shall share his discovery with him, that he returns a second time to it in these articles as a point which he has made good. I am grateful to Mr. Freeman for having provided me with so excellent a specimen of his general method of criticism. At a time of famine, when it may fairly be presumed that the monks of St. Albans were on short commons like other people, the abbot, a good and chari-

table person, sacrificed part of the abbey plate to feed the poor. The monks were angry. They complained that the Church property ought not to be alienated. They mutinied, and were so violent that the abbot had to call in the secular arm to put them down. "Hæc inquam," says the chronicler, "quia tunc temporis prædictæ rationes in conventu magnam discordiam suscitârunt." "I mention these things because at that time the aforesaid discussions occasioned great discord in the society." The monks had been so furious, and complaints about their food were so frequent in the abbey, that I have no doubt myself that "shortened rations" had to do with their irritation, and with this impression I told the story in my "Annals of an English Abbey." It was open to Mr. Freeman to say that there was no proof that the monks were put on short commons, or that if they were it was the ground of their discontent with the abbot's charities. But this was not enough for him. He chooses to imply that because he finds "*prædictæ rationes*" in the Latin account, and "shortened rations" in my English one, I translated "*prædictæ*" into "shortened," and "*rationes*" into "rations." He did not really think so, but he saw a certain resemblance between "*rationes*" and "rations" which the public would catch at, and he used it to raise a laugh at my expense.

On the next point I have a grave charge to bring against Mr. Freeman. "Now all this," he says, "opens a very serious question with regard to Mr. Froude's earlier writings. In those writings Mr. Froude's narrative constantly depends on authorities which very few of us can examine. Very few of us can test references at Simancas. It is not every one who can at a moment's notice test references to MSS. much nearer home."

I have quoted only these words, but Mr. Freeman dilates further on his suspicions, and evidently wishes to convey them to his readers. Now with regard to the Simancas papers, I had myself felt it so important that the public should have access for themselves to such part of the Spanish correspondence as I had brought away with me in transcript, that I deposited my whole collection, a very considerable one, in the British Museum, and I gave notice that I had done so when I published the last volumes of the history. Time being of importance to me, I had made my copies rapidly, and, to avoid expense, I had made most of them myself. My handwriting not being easily legible to

others, I suggested, when Mr. Panizzi took charge of them, that the more valuable letters should be recopied. Mr. Panizzi, on looking through my portfolios, considered that this could not be necessary, and that it would be more satisfactory if the papers were preserved precisely in the form in which I had used them. In the Museum, therefore, these documents have lain for nearly ten years accessible to every one, and it was scarcely ingenuous on Mr. Freeman's part to say, "Very few of us can test references at Simancas." But I must remind him—he can hardly have forgotten it—of something which happened nine years ago, when he himself or another person raised the same question in similar language in the *Saturday Review*. I felt very keenly the imputation which was made upon me, and I felt that there was but one way of meeting it. I placed myself in the hands of the late Sir Thomas Hardy, the deputy-keeper of the public records. I offered, in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to submit my treatment of my unprinted authorities to the judgment of any competent persons whom Sir Thomas Hardy might select. In London and other places in England, in Paris, in Simancas, and in Vienna, I had read something like a hundred thousand manuscript letters and documents in English, French, Latin, Spanish, and Italian. I proposed that Sir Thomas Hardy should institute an examination into any part of my "History of England" which the reviewer would point out, and I said that I would myself pay the expense of the inquiry, provided the *Saturday Review* would publish the report. I confess that, when I thought of the work which I had gone through and the nature of it, I was alarmed at the prospect. I believe anybody would have been alarmed. I knew that I must have made mistakes. The most accomplished experts will now and then make blunders. I remember an occasion when the united efforts of all the clerks in the Simancas Library were required to make out for me a single letter of Philip the Second. If the report proved unfavorable, though my good faith might not have been impugned, my credit as a writer would be gone. Still, severe as the ordeal was, I was ready to face it. A contemptuous refusal was my answer from the editor of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. Freeman, who has paid so much attention to the relations between myself and that review, is not likely to have overlooked this part of the story; and I venture to ask whether it is open to him now to re-

peat the same insinuation without a single word of reference to it, and without, so far as can be seen, having looked himself at the Spanish MSS. to which he specially refers, though copies of them lay within his reach in the Museum.

But Mr. Freeman has not yet done with my "raids."

"Mr. Froude," he says, "first dealt with the life of St. Hugh of Lincoln, professing to found his story on the '*Magna Vita Sancti Hugonis*.'" This means that I have not done what I professed to do. When my sketch of the "Life of St. Hugh" first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* the *Saturday Review* accused me of having made every blunder into which it was possible for me to fall, and again raised the same question whether, if I was so incapable of dealing fairly with a single authority, it was possible to trust me when I had to examine and compare many. Before I republished this small biography, I went through it with the light of my reviewer's criticisms. Notwithstanding this assistance, I could recognize but two errors, and those of an utterly trifling character. I must again ask the reader to compare it with the "*Magna Vita*," remembering however that I was not translating from it, but borrowing my materials from it. I will only beg him, if he finds "*prædictæ rationes*" anywhere in the Latin and "shortened rations" anywhere in the English, not to suppose that one is intended for the other.

Of the "Annals of an English Abbey," Mr. Freeman says: "Mr. Froude's annals are annals of his own devising." He refers for proof to a recent examination in one of the weekly journals—I presume the *Saturday Review* again. I have not read that examination. The *prædictæ rationes* I suppose to be a specimen from it. By such methods anything can be made out of anything. Mr. Freeman detects, or think he detects, some small speck or mote. He places it under a lens which magnifies to a thousand diameters. He makes a drawing of the shape in which it then appears to him, frames it in innuendoes and invectives, and produces it before his readers as an instance of abuse of authorities, with nothing to indicate the real diminutiveness of the object which he desires them to observe. Let the lens be taken away, let the story be read with the different incidents in their natural proportions, and to my eyes Mr. Freeman's stupendous errors often become wholly invisible. He has himself a keener power of perception.

But he can invent where perception fails him. He says: "As an instance of Mr. Froude's singular indifference to accuracy in local matters, it is plain that he wrote nearly the whole of his *St. Albans narrative* in the belief that the abbey church lately raised to cathedral rank was a ruin like Rievaulx or Tintern." Mr. Freeman says I cannot write accurately. What am I to think of Mr. Freeman? In the very sketch with which he is finding fault he had these words under his eyes: "In the general ruin the Church of St. Albans was saved by the burgesses. On the passing of the Act of Suppression they purchased the buildings, and part of the church has been used since the Reformation for the Protestant service." I may add that the "Annals of an English Abbey" appeared first in parts in a magazine. As an evidence of my indifference in local matters, and of my belief that the church was in ruins, I had a drawing made of the church as it then stood, which was prefixed to the opening chapter.

These instances of unfairness, of false statement, of exaggeration, of perversion, misrepresentation, and the other accusations which Mr. Freeman alleges against myself, I have taken from the first nine pages of his review of my papers on Becket. The review itself extends to ninety-eight pages. The violence of the invective increases as it proceeds, and therefore it is safe to multiply them by ten, to find the whole number of similar passages which these four articles contain. But I must be just to Mr. Freeman. I have pointed out places where he has gone beyond his evidence. I will add one, in fairness to him, where I will confess that he has been signally triumphant, and has proved me guilty of real ignorance. It is the more proper that I should mention it, because his *alter ego* in the *Saturday Review* has brought it up so many times against me during the last nineteen years. Mr. Freeman himself has now playfully alluded to it once more. Often as my other faults have been repeated and dwelt upon, this one has been repeated the most often, as the greatest and most inexcusable. It is fit, therefore, that I should now confess, and the subject may be then perhaps let drop.

It had been asserted, and it is still asserted in books claiming authority, that in the reign of Henry the Eighth seventy-two thousand persons fell in England by the hand of the executioner. I had myself heard this stated as a fact from a professor's chair at Oxford, and of course had

believed it. It might have been expected that cruelties so extensive would have left some traces of themselves in the public records. When I came to examine those records, I not only found no such evidence as I expected, but I found evidence which seemed to prove that the numbers must have been enormously exaggerated. Looking for the authority, I discovered it in a "description of Britain" attached by another hand to Holinshed's history. The writer's authority was Jerome Cardan. Going to Cardan, I found a horoscope describing the combination of planets when Henry the Eighth was born, which had caused his career to be a bloody one; and Cardan gave as an illustration that he had heard from the Bishop of "Lexovia" that seventy-two thousand persons, etc. No hearsay story told by a Bishop of Lexovia, wherever Lexovia might be, was an adequate support for a statement of so much historical consequence. I was myself once told by an Irish bishop that two million poor people had died in the last famine besides those which had emigrated. It appeared to me that I had done some service in having traced such a legend to its source. The person of the Bishop of "Lexovia" seemed to me so relatively unimportant, that I wrote the words down as I found them. The Saturday Reviewer discerned but too truly that I did not know Lexovia to be Lisieux. He has taken care that I shall remember it. For twenty years I have been reminded, at short intervals, of my ignorance. I am now reminded of it again. I have been taught a lesson, too, about the relative proportions of things. I had thought that the character of the evidence for the seventy-two thousand executions was the point of greatest moment. The reviewer has shown me that I was mistaken; for, often as he has told his readers that I was ignorant of the modern name of Lexovia, he has never hinted at the cause which led me to speak of Lexovia at all.

Here, therefore, Mr. Freeman has me at advantage. I have nothing to say. For the rest the instances which I have produced show that if I am to be accused of inaccuracy Mr. Freeman is not the person who is entitled to do it. It may be still said that I have left untouched the immediate question of the character of Becket. I have done so because I cannot extend my argument to an interminable length; because it is impossible to discuss minute points of a long story in a single article; and because I intend to meet Mr. Freeman's objections in the only form in which

a satisfactory reply is possible. My papers on Becket were not written with a purpose of republication; but I shall republish them at my earliest leisure with such notes and references as may be necessary, and in these notes I shall mention such mistakes as I can acknowledge to have been made. If I have been in error on any matter of consequence, I shall not conceal it; but I have yet to learn that I have made any such errors.

There are three points, however, of general historical interest, on which, if they can be disengaged from the irrelevancies and personalities in which Mr. Freeman has enveloped them, I must say a few words in vindication of myself. Mr. Freeman accuses me of having grossly misrepresented Becket's conduct—

1. In attributing acts of unnecessary violence to him in his action as chancellor.

2. In having given a false account of Becket's acceptance of the archbishopric.

And he says further:—

3. That I have totally failed to understand the cause which prevented the prosecution of Becket's murderers.

These charges are really serious; and if Mr. Freeman has made out his case, I will allow that he has good reason for finding fault with me. They are the main counts of the indictment; the rest is vapor. I will take them separately.

1. Edward Grim was one of Becket's biographers, and the most devoted of his friends. In Grim's life of the archbishop there is the following passage:—

*Sanctus Thomas ante cancellariam suam quam innocenter, quam sine querelâ priora tempora transegerit in imo positus, sermo superior explanavit. Nunc autem locatus in sublimi, quantæ audaciæ, quantæ fuerit presumptionis, difficile dictu. Quantis enim necem, quantis rerum omnium proscriptionem intulerit, quis enumeret? Validâ namque stipatus militum manu civitates aggressus est; delevit urbes et oppida, villas et prædia absque miserationis intuitu voraci consumpsit incendio, et inimicis domini sui undecunque insurgent intolerabilem se exhibebat.**

Every one except Mr. Freeman will admit that in these words Grim was referring to proceedings on the part of the chancellor on which his friends looked back with regret, and of which he himself could give no satisfactory explanation. It is no excuse to say that Becket was acting in the king's name and for the king's service. The same defence may be made for the Duke of Alva, or for Judge Jeffreys.

* *Vita Sancti Thomæ*, Ed. Quin, c. 15.

There is nothing to show what Grim specially means. Mr. Freeman goes at great length into the suppression of the companies of free lances which were scattered about England in fortresses, and had been left as legacy to Henry the Second by the misgovernment of his predecessor. He explains the misery which these disorderly bands had occasioned, and he gives to Becket the credit of making an end of them.

Becket's advice may have gone along with that of the great council of the realm on which the king acted. But, unfortunately for Mr. Freeman's argument, Becket was not chancellor till 1157; Henry succeeded to the throne in 1154; and Fitzstephen expressly says that these bands were broken up and their castles destroyed within three months of his coronation.

Miseratione Dei, consilio Cancellarii et cleri et baronum regni, qui pacis bonum volebant, *intra tres primos menses coronationis regis* Wilhelmus de Ipra violentus incubator Cantiae cum lacrymis emigravit. Flandrenses omnes collectis impedimentis et armis ad mare tendunt. Castella omnia per Angliam corruunt, præter antiquas pacis conservandæ turres et oppida.*

In this passage the word "*cancellarius*," either cannot refer to Becket, or relates to him before his promotion. Grim therefore was not alluding to the demolition of the castles. To what then did he allude? He was perhaps thinking of the Welsh war; perhaps of the war of Toulouse; perhaps of the suppression of a revolt in Aquitaine which followed that war. I refrained from discussing a question unconnected with the matter which I had in hand. I passed it over with an indication of my own opinion that the occasion was the Aquitaine revolt.

The word "proscription" would hardly have been used of conquests made in a foreign war, and the word "insurgent" points to rebellion. All the details which we possess of Becket's performances as chancellor belong, not to anything which he did in England, but to campaigns or negotiations on the Continent. Mr. Freeman assumes characteristically that, in speaking of a revolt in Aquitaine, I was alluding awkwardly to the war of Toulouse itself, with which he considers me to have had but the vaguest acquaintance. Mr. Freeman does not like assumptions in others, and he ought to avoid them himself. I do not pretend to explain Grim's language with any certainty, but he was himself the archbishop's worst calumniator, or

his words have no meaning at all, unless the chancellorship of Becket was marked by acts as reprehensible and unscrupulous as I represented them to have been.

2. Mr. Freeman admits that Henry the Second promoted Becket to the archbishopric because he expected that Becket would prove as active and as useful to him in this new capacity as he had been before. The Constitutions of Clarendon were not the growth of any sudden resolution. The ecclesiastical disorders in the nation required to be dealt with as peremptorily as the secular. Becket was the confidential adviser of the king, and it is impossible to conceive that he was not acquainted with the views which the king entertained. It is equally incredible that Henry would have so earnestly pressed the elevation of a person whom he had any reason of suspecting of an intention to oppose and thwart him. Becket did not, could not have given the king notice of the course which he intended to pursue—at any rate, with such distinctness as would have prevented Henry from deceiving himself; and either he ought to have informed the king of his intentions plainly, or he ought not to have accepted the primacy. He did in fact hesitate, but his hesitation was overcome in a manner which I thus described:

He did, as we are told, feel some scruples. The ecclesiastical conscience had not wholly destroyed the human conscience. The king had been a generous master to him. But his difficulties were set aside by the casuistries of a Roman legate. Archbishop Theobald died when the two cardinals were in Normandy for the marriage of Prince Henry and the Princess Margaret. There was a year of delay before the choice was finally made. Becket asked the advice of Cardinal Henry of Pisa. Cardinal Henry told him that it was for the interest of the Church that he should accept the archbishopric, and that he need not communicate convictions which would interfere with the appointment.

On this Mr. Freeman says: "The simple answer is, to say that *the whole account is pure fiction*." This is a grave offence, if I have been guilty of it, and there is grave offence on Mr. Freeman's part if I have not. I will quote from Becket's biographer, William of Canterbury. This writer, speaking of the scruples which Becket felt, says:—

Sciebat quia regem vel regum omnium Dominum cogeretur offendere. Eo usque dividuo animo fluctuabat ut eligeret potius regem amicum privatus habere quam privilegiatus adversarium. Itaque ei aliisque eum

* *Vita S. Thomæ*, Fitzstephen.

promovere volentibus aliquamdiu reluctatus est. Cæterum providens Dominus domui suæ quam novo sole apud occidentales mundi partes illuminare disposuit, viri venerabilis Henrici Pisani presbyteri, cardinalis Apostolicæ Sedis legati, spiritum excitavit, qui eum hortaretur et induceret ad regimen suscipiendum.

From this passage it appears clearly —

(1) That Becket had not given the king notice of what his conduct would be. If he had done so, he would have had no reason to fear the king's displeasure.

(2) That he had made up his mind to oppose the king in the event of his appointment, and that he had scrupled to accept it in consequence.

(3) That his reluctance was overcome by the advice of the cardinal.

So much for "the whole account" being "pure fiction." The only question is, what Cardinal Henry said to him. Did he advise Becket to warn the king? Certainly not. Such advice would have increased Becket's scruples rather than have removed them, and if Becket had acted upon it the appointment would not have been made. The cardinal therefore advised him to accept without giving the king warning, and the only imaginable ground for such advice was the interest of the Church, as William of Canterbury indeed virtually says. I admit that my conclusion is an inference, but it is an inference the force of which is only short of a mathematical demonstration.

3. The third point is a more intricate one. Why were not Becket's murderers prosecuted? They had been guilty of a crime of the darkest kind — why were they not arrested and tried? I myself said that the king took the responsibility upon himself, and I repudiated the explanation that they owed their escape to the ecclesiastical character of the person whom they had killed. Mr. Freeman insists that they were saved by the privileges for which Becket was contending; that, though it was altered soon after, the law at the time of the murder gave the clergy the cognisance of every cause which concerned themselves, and that crimes committed from which the clergy were the sufferers, as well as crimes which were committed by the clergy themselves, were reserved for their own courts. Can this be really true? So extraordinary an application of the theory of benefit of clergy could scarcely have formed part of the law of England without leaving its traces in legal history. Yet it is unknown to the old

jurists. Bracton is silent about it. There is not a word upon the subject in the Constitutions of Clarendon — not a word in the long and angry debates to which the Constitutions gave occasion. During the whole time that Becket was alive, while the protracted struggle was going on between the archbishop and the crown on this very question of the clerical pretensions, half the matter, and not the least important half, was left entirely without notice, if Mr. Freeman is correct in his account of the state of the law. Yet in those violent times cases must have been continually occurring where clerks had been killed and injured by laymen. And if the law had stood as Mr. Freeman says that it did, how is it possible that nothing should have been said about it at the Council of Clarendon? especially as the writer to whom Mr. Freeman refers allows that the claim was not admitted by the king. Let us look at Mr. Freeman's authority.

Archbishop Richard, Becket's successor at Canterbury, speaking of such offences, says:—

I should be content with the sentence of excommunication if it had the effect of striking terror into evil-doers. But through our sins it has become ineffective and despised. The slayers of a clerk or bishop are sent to Rome by way of penance. They enjoy themselves by the way, and return with the pope's full grace and with increased boldness for the commission of crime. The king claims the right of punishing in such cases, but we of the clergy damnably reserve it to ourselves, and we deserve the consequence of our ambition in usurping a jurisdiction with which we have no rightful concern.

In the Council of Westminster, held under a cardinal legate in 1176, these pretensions, whatever they amounted to, were abandoned, and among the resolutions was a clause "that the murderer of a clerk, on conviction or confession before the king's justiciary, should undergo the usual punishment for his crime."

How much do these passages prove? Certainly not that it could in any true sense be said to have been the law of England that all causes which concerned the clergy were left to the clergy to decide. They do prove that among the extravagant pretensions which were beginning to be put forward by the ecclesiastical order, this among others had been heard of, and that it was formally abandoned in the legate's presence at the Council of Westminster. A right denied to exist by the king could never have been allowed in the crown courts. A priest accused of a crime

pleaded his clergy in court, and, if he could prove his *status*, was handed over to his ordinary. What was a layman to plead who was charged with a crime against a priest? That the person whom he had killed or robbed was a clerk? Or did the ordinary himself step in and claim him? I venture to think that nothing of the sort was ever seen in an English court of justice. What I suppose to have happened is no more than this: that in some instances the extreme upholders of ecclesiastical fictions really considered their order to be of so sacred a character that even to kill a priest was to enter into a supernatural condition; that they neglected in consequence to apply for justice to the officers of the crown, and contented themselves with excommunication, till they found their folly recoil upon themselves. There is nothing to show that any criminal actually prosecuted in court ever was, or ever could have been, taken out of the hands of the crown authorities under the plea of the clerical immunities. The council of Westminster merely put an end to an absurdity which was beginning to grow. Even if the law had been as Mr. Freeman says that it was, the Constitutions of Clarendon were in force at the time of Becket's murder. Priests at that moment were liable to be tried and sentenced as felons, and it is not conceivable that the reverse side of ecclesiastical privilege from which the clergy were sufferers should have been left practically standing. That Henry, who was threatened with excommunication, and was most anxious to make his peace with the Church, should have availed himself of such an excuse for neglecting to bring the murderers to their answer, is wholly incredible. The only rational conclusion is, that he declined to lay blame on others which he felt to attach more properly to himself. Such at least is my own opinion, which I believe myself entitled to hold, without being bespattered with mud by Mr. Freeman.

For the present I shall say no more. If I have not succeeded in showing that Mr. Freeman in bringing his charges against me has been more rash in his own statements, more mistaken in his facts, more unfair in his inferences, than he has shown me to be, nothing that I can add will be of the least avail. Mr. Freeman talks of an "incurable twist." To me it seems that there is an "incurable twist" in Mr. Freeman whenever he has to speak of myself, and that where every object appears to him distorted the cause is in the eye which sees and not in the thing which is seen.

If I were to argue from his own language as he has argued from mine, I should suppose him influenced by "fanatical hatred" of me.

Here, so far as there is any personal controversy between myself and Mr. Freeman, the matter must end. His friend the Saturday Reviewer has pursued me for twenty years, secure in his coat of darkness, with every species of unfounded insinuation. He has himself appeared at last on the field in his own person, and I have desired him to take back his imputations. For the future he will take his own course; I shall not be a party in any further controversy with him.

No one is more conscious than I am of the faults of my literary work. No one is less anxious to defend them. But, after thirty years of severe and I believe honest labor, I will not suffer a picture to be drawn of me in such colors as Mr. Freeman has been pleased to use without entering my own protest with such emphasis as I can command.

J. A. FROUDE.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A VISIT TO THE NEW ZEALAND GEYSERS.

THE geyser district of New Zealand is, at some future day, to be the great sanatorium of the southern world; meanwhile, it is so little known that some account of a visit lately made to it may not be uninteresting.

While "globe-trotting" with a friend, we found ourselves in April last year at Auckland, New Zealand, and were kindly invited by the governor to join him in a visit he was going to make, with the commodore and a large party, to the geysers.

The party assembled at Tauranga, a port about one hundred and forty miles south-east of Auckland, and the most convenient starting-point for Ohinemutu, the headquarters of the hot lake country. The little town was gay with flags and triumphal arches, and crowded with Maories looking forward to a big drink in return for the dance with which they received the governor. I was disappointed to find the natives were broad-nosed, thick-lipped, tattooed savages, or at least so they appeared at first sight. The men are decidedly superior in appearance to the women, and among the young people tattooing is becoming unfashionable.

From Tauranga to Ohinemutu is about forty miles over a good road, except through what is called "the eighteen-mile

bush," where the road possesses all the ills to which a bush road is heir. About three miles from Tauranga the road passes through the celebrated Gate Pah, where English soldiers in a panic ran away from the Maories, and left their officers to be killed. The Pah is well placed on the top of a ridge looking out over Tauranga and the sea. Almost all traces of the earth-works have now disappeared, and the cluster of gravestones in the neglected little cemetery at Tauranga will soon be the only remaining evidence of that disastrous day. About eight miles beyond the Pah, we had our first experience of a New Zealand bush. It was magnificent. I cannot say the same of the road. A great part of it is what is called "corduroy road," that is, trunks of trees, about eight or nine inches in diameter, were laid close together across the track, forming a kind of loose bridge over the soft places. Some of the trees, especially the rimu, a species of yew, here called a pine, were of immense size and age; in places tangled masses of red flowering creepers completely hid the trees. The tree ferns were the perfection of lightness and beauty, the dark-leaved shrubs setting them off to great advantage.

At Ohinemutu we found two small hotels; the charges are very moderate, and the attention paid to visitors is all that can be desired. The land here still belongs to the Maories, who refuse either to sell it or let it; and the hotel-keepers, who are only tenants-at-will, are naturally unwilling to spend much money in building with such an insecure tenure. One creek of Lake Rotorua, on the banks of which Ohinemutu stands, is filled with boiling springs, which heat the waters of the lake for a considerable distance. This creek is a favorite bathing-place, but, as it is dangerous in the dark, my friend and I tried a natural bath, which has been inclosed by the hotel-keeper to keep out the natives. It was as hot as we could bear it, very soft, buoyant, and bubbling, and after our long, bumpy drive, perfectly delicious. When we had got thoroughly warmed through, I thought lying in the soft bubbling water the most perfect sensuous pleasure I ever experienced.

The next morning we visited the many boiling water and mud springs in the immediate neighborhood of the village. On a small peninsula, between our hotel and the lake, there are a great many native dwellings, called whares (pronounced warries). A whole tribe formerly lived there, but one night the end of the peninsula suddenly collapsed and disappeared in the

lake, destroying, of course, all its inhabitants. There is, in the midst of the village, a large native building called the "carved house;" its sides are covered, inside and out, with intricate carving, chiefly of grotesque human figures. By Maori law, the carved figures may only have three fingers on each hand, lest any evil-disposed persons should mistake them for caricatures of their ancestors. This native settlement owes its existence to the many hot springs with which the peninsula abounds, the boiling water standing to the natives in the place of fire, and saving them an infinity of trouble with their cooking and washing arrangements. One desirable result of the abundance of warm baths is the undoubted cleanliness of the people.

About a mile farther along the banks of the lake, we came to what is called the Sulphur Point. It certainly deserved its name. The surface of the ground is literally honeycombed with pools of boiling water and mud holes, impregnated with sulphur or alum. The smell was perfectly fearful. One mud bath that we ventured into certainly did not look tempting; great waves of thick brown mud bubbled up in the middle of the pool, and rolled lazily towards the sides. It was just a pleasant temperature, very smooth and oily, and, notwithstanding its appearance, decidedly a success. We next tried a pool of thinner mud, and ended with a swim in the cold waters of the lake, feeling all the better for our strange experience. All the pools have been given stupid English names by the hotel-keeper; the one we first bathed in is known as "Painkiller," and enjoys a high reputation for curing rheumatism. It was here that a young Englishman lately nearly lost his life. A large bubble burst near his face, the poisonous gases from which rendered him insensible; and had it not been for a Maori, who happened to be standing near, he must infallibly have been drowned. The whole neighborhood is a dangerous one; the crust of the earth is in many places so thin that one may at any moment find one's-self standing in boiling water. The guides take so much pleasure in recounting all the accidents that have happened, that I felt I should be conferring a personal favor on them if I fell in, and was boiled sufficiently to be worth talking about in the future. The surface of the ground is in places covered with masses of pure sulphur. We lighted it in places, and it began to burn freely, and may be burning still for all I know to the contrary.

In the afternoon we saw, for the first

time, a body of water thrown any considerable height into the air. It was at a place called Whaka-rewa-rewa, about two miles from the hotel, amidst the finest hot springs of the Rotorua district. The geyser had been dormant since 1869 until this particular week, and each day it seemed to gather strength and volume. The mighty fountain has formed for itself a fine circular base, about thirty feet high, of silica, roughly resembling white marble. After being quiescent for a few minutes, the water began to leap up through the circular cavity at the top of the cone, and rising higher and higher at each leap, at last culminated in splendid volumes of clear, bright, boiling water, thrown fully forty feet into the air. Dense masses of steam floated from the water in mid-air, but the column of water itself fell so nearly perpendicularly that we were able to stand as near to it as the intense heat would permit. After playing for about five minutes, the fountain gradually subsided, to take a rest, lasting about eleven minutes, before its next display. The geysers are curiously intermittent in character, and according to all accounts are, on the whole, less active than formerly.

Two of the baths here deserve mention. One called the oil bath has water so oily as hardly to adhere to the skin enough to make a towel necessary on coming out; the other is a very warm creek opening out into a fast-flowing river of cold water, and affording the most delightful gradations of temperature between the two. All the pools have their distinctive character; some are very active, others sullen; some pretty, bubbling, shallow basins, others dark, deep blue, of endless depth; some bright and clear as crystal, others milky, or of mud of various consistency; some blowing off steam like fifty steam-engines, and many, alas! very many, smelling beyond the power of words to describe. It is curious how quickly one gets accustomed to the ceaseless sound of boiling water, or the dull soughing sound of boiling mud that one hears on all sides, often without being able to see the hole whence it comes.

In the evening the natives treated us to a *haka*, or dance, in honor of the governor. It took place in the carved house I have already spoken of, the weird grotesque carvings of which added to the strangeness of the scene. There were about one hundred dancers ranged in five rows, the front one consisting of about twenty young women gorgeously appressed in tight-fitting red, or white calico bodices, and flaming-colored rugs worn like kilts.

When the governor entered they greeted him with the most awful noise, shouting, yelling, laughing, and in some diabolical way imitating the noise of the beating of tin cans, the barking of dogs, and rapid hand-clapping. From one or two of the specimens that were translated to us, it was as well, perhaps, that their shouts of welcome were expressed in Maori language. The young women certainly seemed to enjoy, and to make the most of, the opportunity for saying naughty things. The dance lasted about an hour; it was curious, and as a novelty amusing, but rather monotonous. There was but little movement of their feet; it consisted chiefly of swaying their bodies and arms about, going down on their knees, imitating rowing and gathering crops, slapping their own legs and then their neighbors'. The men then took the place of the women, and went through very similar performances. The whole dance was accompanied by a noise that would have put Pandemonium to shame; it sounded like a mixture of beating of trays, dogs fighting, gigantic snoring, and a very full deep bass rumbling in the throat. At times there seemed to be a kind of rhythmic song, interspersed with yells, and short sharp cries of "hue, hue," "ha, ha," "Pakeka." The young women winked, and grinned, and twisted about beyond what was strictly correct; but they seemed to enjoy the really hard work of the dance most thoroughly. There was always a chief running up and down, dancing, and declaiming in the foreground, bidding defiance to all the world apparently, but in reality, I believe, merely suggesting that he would like to drink his Excellency's health. Far the most comical feature of the dance was a naked little imp who stood in front of the first row, exactly opposite the governor, and imitated playing the fiddle with his little thin arms, all the while thrusting out his tongue, rolling his eyes nearly out of his head, and making the most fearful faces and contortions. A little girl who tried to do the same had not nearly the same real genius for making herself hideous and grotesque. At last a liberal supply of beer was promised them; the dance came to an end, and the governor departed amid an uproar if possible more awful than before. The natives were very well grown, friendly, and cheery, with a perfectly childish delight in making a noise. Their noses are too wide and their mouths too big for them to be good-looking; but with large, bright eyes and white teeth, many of them are very pleasant-looking.

Later in the evening two chiefs of another tribe sought an interview with the governor to invite him to visit Wairoa, the village nearest to Rotomahana, the gem of the hot-lake country. They were very jealous that he should visit Rotorua and not pay them a visit. I never knew two men less willing to take "no" for an answer, or much readier in meeting all objections, but the governor was obdurate, and they had to be content with the commodore, whom they called "the king of the sea," and apparently regarded as very small beer compared to "the king of the land." One of the chiefs was called Major Kemp, having been given the title for services rendered to us during the last Maori war. He was an intelligent, courteous man, of splendid physique, certainly over six feet high, and strong and active as a tiger.

Next morning we rode over to Major Kemp's village of Wairoa with the commodore, Mr. F. (the member of the ministry in attendance on the governor), and Captain Mair, the resident magistrate, who from his knowledge of the country and language proved himself an invaluable cicerone. On our way we passed through a lovely piece of bush, in which we found a specimen of the curious natural phenomenon "the vegetable caterpillar." It appears that the caterpillar, when it buries itself in the ground preparatory to changing into a chrysalis, is attacked by a fungus, which kills it, and sends out one or two shoots, something like the seed-bearing fronds of some ferns, several inches in length, from the head of the unfortunate caterpillar. Farther south we came across a tract of bush where they are by no means uncommon; the caterpillar is a large one, and, as far as I could judge, of the goat-moth species. At Wairora we presented some gaudy-colored rugs to Major Kemp's wife, and one or two other important ladies; they gathered together by the roadside trying on their new things, inside and out, and seeming immensely pleased with their finery. We visited a pretty waterfall and cascade, and then embarked in a boat rowed by four stout young Maories to cross Lake Tarawera. The lake is very beautiful; the shores are well wooded, in many places coming sheer down steep and rocky several hundred feet into the water, and backed by fine mountains. At the end of the lake a stream of warm water runs into it from the Lake Rotomahana, but the stream is so swift that progress against it is very slow; we therefore left the natives to bring the

boat up, while we walked on with one of them for a guide. A walk of about a mile brought us to the top of some high ground, whence we got our first view of the glorious white terrace of Rotomahana.

It was a sight that never can be forgotten. It is impossible to imagine anything more lovely than the appearance of that marvellous marble-looking terrace, lying, set in a green frame, on the mountain-side, and reflected again in the glassy water of the lake, as we first saw it in the rosy light of a calm autumn sunset. To get to the terrace we had to cross the warm stream, the boat had not yet appeared, and we were impatient; after a slight hesitation the guide thought he would carry us across. The stream was deep and swift, but the man took us all safely over without a single false step, only when it came to Mr. F.'s turn the Maori wanted to have a little preliminary practice with him on dry land first, Mr. F. being about three times as big as his porter. Captain Mair then took us under his charge to explore the wonders of the white terrace.

The general appearance of the terrace is that of a gigantic staircase on the mountain-side. It is about one hundred and fifty feet in height, and at the top nearly three hundred feet across, and fully twice as much round the lowest steps. The steps are roughly semicircular in form, varying from two or three to ten feet in height, more or less smooth on their horizontal, but on their perpendicular faces carved by the trickling water into the most delicate representations of flower and fruit carvings, or soft white coral sprays. At the top there is an immense cauldron of pale blue boiling water of unknown depth; even the steam rising from it in clouds was quite decidedly blue. This cauldron in all probability is the crater of an extinct volcano which has been invaded by water. The idea that the origin of the terrace is due to volcanic agency, and not to deposits by the water, is supported by the fact that where the silica crust has been knocked away a formation of coarse tufa and pumice stone appears. The depositing power of the water is, however, very great, and articles exposed for curiosity to its action become very quickly covered with a delicate white coating. On each step there are holes of various sizes filled with the most lovely blue water, slightly milky, of the most perfect turquoise blue, looking, oh! so beautiful in its coral cups. The water from the cauldron pours down, steaming and bubbling, overflowing from

hole to hole, losing its heat by degrees on the way, until it reaches the lowest steps quite cold. These lowest steps were especially beautiful; the pools on them were larger and bluer than on the others, and the absence of steam left them in perfect peaceful beauty; the steps, too, though generally of a purer white than the upper ones, had in places large black markings on them that brought out to great advantage the contrast between their delicate pale blue water and that of the dark-colored lake that lay at their feet.

We camped for the night close by the terrace, cooking all our provisions in one of the natural boiling springs. During the night an ill-natured rat jumped into our spring, and compelled us to seek another cooking-place for breakfast. While the commodore and I were lying in a warm pool, smoking a last cigar before going to bed, Mr. F. proposed to join us; we warned him that the pool was very shallow, but he was not to be dissuaded. When the moon shone out from behind a cloud it revealed, as we expected, a round white island in the middle of our bath. After trying in vain to make waves big enough to cover our newly-discovered island, we induced Mr. F. to roll over; the result was very comical, but it could hardly be said to be an improvement. We found it no easy matter to get to sleep; the ground was very hot, and every now and then jets of hot steam would find their way through the thin earth crust and parboil us and soak our blankets. All night there was the sound in our ears of boiling water, so that it was difficult to get rid of a feeling of insecurity natural to so uncanny a sleeping-place.

We began the next day with an early bath in the basins on the white terrace, beginning with the hottest we could bear, and working our way down to the cold water: mortal man surely never had a more magnificent bath-room. After breakfast we crossed the lake in canoes to the pink terrace. It is not so large as the white, but of smoother and more regular form; none of the steps are more than six feet high, so that the baths in them are all shallow, but the steps, covered with a bright salmon-pink incrustation, run more evenly right across the terrace. Some of our party, who had visited the terrace two days before, had, I am sorry to say, written their names in pencil on the smooth pink steps. The warm water, instead of washing them away, had even in so short a time covered them with a transparent film of silica, and there they will remain, along

with the names of hundreds of other cockney-souled tourists, enshrined forever. The water here is perfectly clear, and of a much deeper blue than at the other terrace; that at the top is of a splendid bright deep blue, but the steam is quite white. The setting of the two terraces is quite different; the white one lies against a hill of moderate height and gentle slope, appearing from its countless jets of steam to be a hill of fire. The pink one lies against a fine bold hill some two thousand feet high, from which it runs like a steep staircase directly into the lake. They are rival beauties, both deserving many worshippers — the white one, I believe, having the most.

Some of the small mud geysers behind the white terrace were curious; they were growling, and throwing mud of every variety of color about. One of pale grey mud was said to be eaten by the Maories as medicine; it had a decidedly acid taste. One big hole was blowing off immense volumes of steam with the noise of a dozen steam-engines shrieking in friendly rivalry. A little farther on was a pool of cold vivid green water — greener far than the leaves of the shrubs near it, and strongly charged with sulphuric acid and iron. The wonders of Rotomahana really seemed endless, but, alas! it was Saturday afternoon, and we had to get back to Ohinemutu that night, and however unwillingly, we were obliged to bid the place farewell.

Strolling about after our evening bath on Sunday, we came across a pool in which there were two Maori young women bathing. When we found they had their pipes with them we sent to the hotel for some beer, and sat down to have a chat with them, and found one of them understood a little English. They said they had been in the water an hour before we came. I wonder they were not boiled, the water was very hot and nasty, and we kept them in at least another hour. This was, I think, the pool which Mr. Trollope speaks of having found himself bathing in with three young women; if so, it has now deteriorated very much, and nothing would have tempted us to venture into its dirty waters.

On Monday we rowed over Lake Rotorua to an island called Mokoia. Sir George Grey told me that at one time he lived on the island; it is, in consequence, still rich in fruit trees and cultivated ground. A legend of this island reminds one of the story of Hero and Leander. Hinnemoa, a maiden living on the main-

land, one day, on hearing the flute of her lover, Tutanekai, the chief of the island tribe, jumped boldly into the lake and swam across the intervening five miles in safety. Tutanekai scarcely deserved his good fortune, he having a few days before made an attack on the mainlanders and destroyed all their boats. On the highest peak of the island I found myself in a small native burying-ground; it was surrounded by a deep ditch and bank. There were some forty or fifty graves, each marked by a small headstone, but I had not much time to examine them closely, having a proper fear of the unknown penalties incurred by the violation of anything *tapu* or sacred. On our way home, Captain Mair showed us his beautiful collection of native weapons, carved boxes, and wonderful cloaks made of native flax, and feathers, most of them presents from grateful natives, or, as we enviously suggested, bribes.

My friend and I, after saying good-bye to the others, started the next morning with the guide Fraser to visit the more southern limits of the hot-spring country. A ride of about thirty-five miles brought us to the Waikato, a large, swift-flowing river, the scene of much bloodshed during the war. The canoe that we had expected to cross in was not forthcoming, so that we had to camp where we were; luckily the night was fine, and we had plenty of provisions. We had a fine lunar display: round the moon, for a breadth of about twice its own apparent diameter, there was a ring of bright white light; then came a ring of light brown, deepening outwards to purple; then came blue growing into green, that melting into yellow, that deepening through orange into a beautiful red. The series of rings was very perfect, about sixteen times the width of the moon, and lasted apparently without any change for several hours.

After crossing the river at daybreak we soon came to a native settlement of Ora-kei-karako, and there got a native to guide us to the alum cave for which the place is famous. The entrance to the cave is completely hidden by creepers and magnificent tree ferns with heavily silvered fronds fully twelve feet in length. Descending the cave some eighty or ninety feet by almost regularly formed steep steps, we found a beautiful pool of clear blue water at the bottom. Of course we bathed in the pool; it was warm, strongly impregnated with alum, and when we were swimming with our backs to the entrance it had, curiously enough, exactly the appear-

ance of getting its light from below. The Maori name for it is "the looking-glass," so called, probably, from its power of reflecting light. The floor and walls of the cave were thickly covered with deposits of pure alum, and the roof was colored in parts with pretty variegated patches resembling marble frescoes.

Soon after leaving the cave my horse broke down, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got him to the high road before he succumbed entirely. While waiting to see if he would recover I saw three people riding towards me; one was a smart-looking native in the uniform of the armed constabulary, the second was a lady, and to my surprise she too was a native. She wore a tall black hat and dark veil, a dark blue well-fitting riding-habit, a dainty pink-and-white necktie; I afterwards saw she wore a pair of French-looking boots, and black-and-white stockings. She was, in fact, a "real dark swell." She talked a little English, and, after hearing of my plight, she made the third rider, an ordinary-looking native, dismount, and give me his horse, he remaining to do what he could for mine. We rode on to a native village, and there had some boiled potatoes and dried peaches for lunch. My fair riding companion soon afterwards appeared without the riding-habit, but with a dirty clay pipe in her mouth; I fear her civilization, like her dress, was only a new habit, whose greatest charm was the ease with which it could be discarded. I had eventually to walk to Taupo, a township on the biggest lake in the country, where we intended staying a few days.

Major Roberts, the head of the constabulary, who had been asked to help us, kindly provided us with horses, and an orderly as a guide. We first visited the falls of the Waikato; the great broad river is contracted into a narrow channel, not more than thirty feet wide, with precipitous banks, between which the immense volume of water rushes along, one mass of waves and foam, for a distance of about two hundred yards; it then makes a mad leap of about forty feet, and dashes tumbling over rapids with frantic fury for some distance, and then suddenly resumes the quiet dignity of a great river. It is said that a party of sixty stranger natives were once taunted by the residents into trying to shoot the falls in a canoe, and were, as might have been expected, all drowned. The hot springs were much like those we had before seen; the only remarkable one is called the Crow's Nest. The water has formed a perfect hollow cone of silica

about ten feet high. On looking into the cone from above it appears to be built of regular layers of large sticks bound together by incrustations of silica. These sticks give the cone its name of the Crow's Nest, but how the nest came to be so made is a mystery.

In the afternoon I took advantage of a doubt as to whether the game laws apply to game on Maori land to shoot some cock pheasants, although the shooting season does not begin till May. It is very hard on the natives if they are affected by the game laws, for they would have no means of killing the pheasants, which are increasing so rapidly as to threaten to become a perfect plague to them and their small corn cultivation.

In Taupo Lake, besides carp, there is a most excellent little fish resembling white-bait. They, like everything else in this country, have their legend. Some five hundred years ago a chief with a long name came to Taupo, and grieved to find none of his favorite fish in the lake. After failing to introduce them by natural means, he was driven to have recourse to that most enviable power of obtaining whatever he wished that chiefs seem to have had then, and have so completely lost now. He accordingly took his cloak, tore it up into small pieces, and cast them into the lake, commanding them to become little fishes, and little fishes they became, and there they are in myriads to this day. Fastidious people think they still have a slightly woolly taste, and I know of no better evidence to support the legend.

Our visit to the hot-lake district came to an end at Taupo. We drove thence some seventy or eighty miles to Napier. We were sorry to leave our friends the Maories with the conviction full in our minds that their days will not be long in their land. I devoutly hope that it may never again be necessary to change our present "sugar and flour" policy for one of "blood and iron."

CLEMENT BUNBURY.

From The Spectator.

THE NEW CREDULITY.

WE have been a little struck with the reception which a wild story from Brisbane about a new method of suspending animation for indefinite periods has received from a portion of the press. The story appears in the *Brisbane Courier* of January 11th, and professes to be the account by an eye-witness, who, however,

gives no name, of some experiments made in New South Wales by Signor Rotura, an unknown man of science, in suspending animation in sheep and dogs. A marvellous drug, discovered "in South America," which is a big, vague sort of place, is injected into the animals, and so completely suspends life that in a warm climate decomposition might be dreaded. The bodies are therefore frozen, frozen as hard as stones, till a danger arises, if they are not handled tenderly, of *breakage*,—a curiously ghastly, yet realistic touch of the narrator. They are, however, alive, and may be kept for any time packed on shelves, and then after being steeped for a few minutes in warm water, and enduring the injection of another South American drug into the neck, the animals, even if kept frozen for weeks and months, go frisking and gambolling about as if nothing had occurred. In fact, nothing has occurred, except a suspension of the processes of life so perfect that the time of suspended animation does not, as Signor Rotura believes, count in the normal term of animal existence, but is an addition to it. The process, which has been already successfully tried, of course would enable Australian flockmasters to forward their flocks alive, but unfed, to Europe, and thus to realize astounding fortunes. It is, moreover, applicable to man, and the discoverer has applied to Sir H. Parkes, to let him have the next life convict to experiment on, feeling confident that the man may be safely retained in frozen trance for a long period, and be then revived,—to become, let us hope, a more valuable member of society.

The story is, of course, a bit of deliberate nonsense, intended to attract attention to the *Brisbane Courier*, and chiefly interesting, because it shows that there exists in Brisbane a story-teller with some at least of Edgar Poe's capacity for weird suggestion. His idea is a very clever one, for he has appealed at one and the same time to the inherent love of the marvellous and to the passion for money-making, under its specially local development; while he has adroitly availed himself of two medical theories, known probably to most of his readers, that the drug *woorali* will suspend motion—though not the consciousness of pain—and that cold will prevent the decomposition of animal tissues. Some of the details, too, are adroitly invented, particularly the refusal of one experimenter to go on experimenting with a favorite dog, lest it should be hurt, though he had no scruple about

freezing other animals; and also the admission that the experiment sometimes fails. The reporter is probably not a man of any scientific knowledge, for he has allowed the printers to misprint the name of his imaginary drug, and to give 32° Fahr. as blood-heat, and he is perhaps not aware either that the freezing of an entire body and life are incompatible, or that as the blood must, on his theory, remain in the body and unchanged, it would when frozen occupy one-sixth more than its usual room, — that is, would fracture its containing vessels, as water does our pipes. One of the realistic little details — the share taken in the experiments by Mr. Newton is already denied, rather unnecessarily, by the gentleman whose name has been used, and there is no ground for supposing any basis of fact in the way of a new process of refrigeration to be at the bottom of the story. It is clearly a literary hoax, not at all badly done, by some one who has a clear perception of men's appetite for wonder, and a humorous idea of the kind of "result" which would induce a money-loving public to read anything.

The story having appeared in the *Times* without comment, has, of course, been republished everywhere, and it is amusing to see that in many instances those who republish it think it necessary to be cautious, and repudiate total disbelief. So many wonderful things, they say, and in especial one London journal says, have turned out true, that it would be rash to declare this one certainly invented. There is a disposition perceptible to think there may be something in it, though not all that is alleged, and that as Mr. Edison has bottled sound, so Signor Rotura — an Italian name was probably chosen because an Italian has made the most recent and successful experiments in embalming — may have bottled life; that as sound may be re-echoed weeks after it was first heard, so a lamb may skip about after it has been some weeks frozen. As there is an electric telegraph, why should not death be baffled? That is a very curious instance of a new form of credulity which is growing up amongst us, a credulity which is not faith, but rather disbelief, so far-reaching that it causes a certain powerlessness of mind, an inability to reject at once and decidedly anything that even puts on the appearance of "science." The incapacity to weigh evidence — to see, for example, that for this story there is absolutely as yet no evidence at all, any more than there is evidence for the authenticity of Bul-

wer Lytton's "Strange Story," that there is no witness produced, or promised, or named, nothing but an unauthenticated narrative — is a phenomenon we are all acquainted with; but this sort of credulity differs in kind from that. It would almost seem as if the advance of science had in some minds decreased the capacity for using the scientific method, as if their confidence in the usual data for reasoning had been gradually so upset that they did not trust them any longer, and did not see why, a far-off locality being granted, parallel lines should not meet, or the whole be smaller than the part. That would not, they think, be much more surprising than the phonograph. We observed only a little while ago a statement going the round of the newspapers that a certain Texan had eaten his own weight in meat at one sitting, no one apparently perceiving that if that were true, then a pint bottle could hold a quart, and reasoning of any kind, even the reasoning necessary for arithmetic or mensuration, was entirely useless and unmeaning. The great truth that, if two plus two can be five, counting is nonsense, and that the terms of any conceivable sum in arithmetic would all shift, seems to have lost some of its hold, to the indefinite injury, if the want of grip became general, of human reasoning power. That is at all events a strange result of the progress of scientific discovery, and it is all the stranger, because the new credulity is almost confined to the action of "science" itself. People are not generally more credulous. They do not believe in each other more than they did, or in unusual events more than they did; and they believe in the supernatural a great deal less than they did. If the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lord Houghton, and Professor Tyndall all declared that they saw and spoke with a sentient being possessing a body clearly not human, all journalists would at once accuse them either of falsehood, or hoaxing, or a very suspicious condition of brain and eyesight; but if they all declared they had seen a man swallow a drug which turned him all over both yellow and blue at the same time the statement would be printed everywhere as the last "medical marvel." Yet the former assertion, though requiring, of course, unusually complete evidence, would involve no greater impossibility than the existence of any supernatural being does — which existence half the incredulous accept — while the latter is a contradiction in terms, and no more capable of

proof than the assertion that on one occasion, and in the usual conditions of the world, water, being still water, did outweigh mercury, which was, nevertheless, still mercury. There is the greatest reluctance even to consider any statement involving an acceptance of the supernatural, combined with the most childlike readiness to swallow anything which can be described as a mechanical, medical, or mental marvel. The modern mind considers that the old woman who said "she would believe that Jonah swallowed the whale, if that were in the Bible," was a fool; but if the old lady had seen in one of Mr. Huxley's lectures a statement that a flying-fish had swallowed an albatross, and had believed it, she would not have been accounted credulous. A "ghost" is impossible, but the generation of force without the consumption of anything, — that can be credited at once. If Mr. Edison were to say that he had seen a table rise in the air, he would be laughed at; but if he were to say publicly that he had discovered a method of lighting New York for a penny a week by self-existent electricity, the price of gas shares would fall. The notion of a "conversion," a rare mental operation, which, nevertheless, does occasionally occur outside, as well as inside, the circle of religious emotion, is contemptuously ridiculed, but the notion of a new motor "produced" from a small wine-glassful of water is received with most respectful attention. The preacher who describes a possible time in which all men shall be Christian and laws scarcely needed, is condemned as a foolish dreamer; but when Sir William Thomson looks forward to the day when North America shall be lighted by the electric force generated by utilizing Niagara, he is only going a little too far ahead of his generation. We are really not going one inch beyond the truth when we say there are men who would reject the central fact of Christianity, — the resurrection of Christ, not for defect of evidence, but because it is, *in se*, impossible, yet would believe that certain combinations of electricity and heat could generate life; and thousands who would reject the story of Paul's vision as ridiculous, while receiving as true an account of a new instrument which would enable a Londoner to see New York.

The usual explanation of this tendency to a new credulity in the midst of a new scepticism is that men are willing to believe in the one case and unwilling in the other, and no doubt some such feeling is occasionally an explanation. Hatred of

Christianity, or of Russians, or of English Liberals, made thousands of men believe in the Rhodope outrages, in the teeth of evidence which would have satisfied the English bench. But we do not believe that this explanation covers the whole case. We have found the same credulity as to scientific assertions in persons who would much rather have believed the supernatural, and indeed, in persons who have that dislike of the conquests of science which is often to be seen in men who dread a final victory for materialism. There are Catholics and Calvinists to whom the phonograph is an offence, an indication that this is the last age of the world, and that Satan is prevailing, who would, nevertheless, accept an assurance that a phonograph had been discovered which could translate a song sung before it into another language with unhesitating credence. It seems to us much more natural to believe that men are very much what they were, that the appetite for the marvellous exists as of old, but that the agency from which the marvellous is expected is unconsciously being changed. The process of god-making, so often repeated by humanity, is going on again, and nature is being endowed with attributes which imply an absence of conditions, and enveloped in the very atmosphere of awe which once surrounded the supernatural. Why should not anything be discovered, when the lightning has been made to carry messages? It is the object of superstition, not the superstitious mind, which has been changed, and the man who rejects the miracle of Cana thinks Cagliostro "may" have possessed the secret of the philosopher's stone. The world is supposed to advance very fast, and we suppose does so in the direction of comfort, but we half wish some "Eno" or "Old Parr" would sell the Elixir of Life at fifty guineas the bottle. If he would only advertise ably, and get the *Brisbane Courier* to write his advertisements, the result would, we strongly suspect, surprise the Probate Office, and be regarded as an unexpected mercy by a chancellor of the exchequer.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE DARK SIDE OF A BRIGHT PICTURE.

BY A COLORADO SETTLER.

A BRIGHT sunny picture of this land of colors appeared in your pages a few months since, descriptive of her gentler and more

inviting moods; but Colorado, like every other country, has a darker side; there are thunderstorms as well as sunshine; water-spouts and hurricanes as well as spotless skies of ethereal blue.

A few facts from my own experience will quickly open your readers' eyes to some of the drawbacks of the country, and those who desire to form an impartial judgment will be able to see both sides of their subject. We had a long talk about it a few evenings since at Charpiot's, myself and two friends, D. and C., the latter of whom is on the point of leaving for England in disgust. You shall hear the story told, just as we three Englishmen discussed it over our dinner at Denver.

"So you are really going back to England, C.?"

"Most decidedly," he replied, "as soon as I can get even a moderate price for my ranches."

"Not much money about," observed D.

"Money!" replied C., "not a dollar, I do believe. Tax-time came only the other day, the dollars have gone East, as they always do: those Yankees take good care of that. An ingenious piece of mechanism is this government for robbing the people. The party that rules is determined to know nothing but dollars. Nothing like a huge sum of cash to handle. When America took to selling State lands men suspected what it would come to. But when they undertake to pay off a monstrous national debt in a generation — *faugh!* the trick is too thin — the rascality too transparent. There's no public spirit in this country; men are but foolish and ignorant dupes of patriotic charlatans and hypocritical swindlers."

"Halloa! why, C., when did you acquire this bombastic slang? I shall see you yet stumping it."

"It would have made Job a carpet-bagger had he passed three years in this country, such three years as I have," answered C. "My own school-fellow drew the stocking over my eyes. I knew him when he was himself as true a piece of metal as ever rang. But he bought a ranch with my money from which no one ever got a dollar before or since. The purchase, no doubt, brought several hundreds to him; to me it brought nothing but vexation and disquiet. Had not my poor little wards clung round my neck I would have gone back home by the next train. I did make the attempt. The words of an intelligent person, whom I met in the train on the Rio Grande railway, are always sounding

in my ears. "You'll go back, sir, you'll go back." I have almost turned guinea-fowl from the constant recurrence of those ominous words to my mind. I suggest that useful bird as the crest of the new State — the Centennial — a guinea-hen."

"You look well, C." interposed D. "You look, I should say, ten years younger than when you came. The climate, sir, is splendid. Give me six months on the Divide or in the mountains, and six months at Denver or Colorado springs; I say there is no such climate in the world. You are always in health and spirits; the children rude and boisterous from too great vitality. But the winters no doubt are sometimes terrible; not unpleasant as in England, damp and ungenial, but fierce and frantic; and the thunderstorms are dangerous in the middle of summer. Colorado is a very beautiful and enchanting mistress, so captivating that she is able with one of her winning smiles to make men forget her outbursts of passion and whimsical mischief; but she is alarmingly full of change; predicate any one thing of her and she'll prove herself the directly opposite. But no severity of climate here injures one's health; on the contrary, exposure is the surest method of producing a robust condition of the bodily frame. You must give Colorado, then, credit for a great blessing — the first and greatest of blessings; and a man who has health and competence, you know, ought not to grumble."

"Ay," replied C., "bring competence and keep it: you'll do very well in the Far West."

"And what is a competence here?" I interposed. "My old friend W. and I lived six months last year at 'The Hut,' a log house on his ranch in the hills. We fared sumptuously every day, eating and drinking everything man can fairly desire; English tea, Java coffee, beef, Chicago and St. Louis hams, cured with sugar and equal to the best English smoked breakfast bacon; all sorts of preserved fruits, the finest Colorado bread, oatmeal, cheese from the Divide factory at Gwillimville, butter as good as Devonshire cream, etc., and a glass of real English beer, brewed at Colorado City. This way of living cost each man ten dollars per month, *i.e.*, about 25*l.* a year, with a good margin. In winter he will come to my city box, where the cost is much the same; plus some unnecessary luxuries to coax winter into good-humor."

"But you can't make a dollar in Colo-

rado," replied C. "I came here with my brother's children to settle them, and I tried to make a little money and lost by the attempt."

"I fear you speak truth," I replied; "in America every produce is cheaper, the number of farmers greater, and therefore competition forces down prices, profits become very small, and it is altogether wiser and safer not to engage in agriculture. In early days much money was made in Colorado by growing corn and rearing cattle, many men becoming very rich. G. died the other day, leaving his widow about 40,000*l.* and eighteen thousand cattle. And a banker in this city, M., is said to make about 12,000*l.* a year by his herds."

"Yes," answered C., "but they were fortunate as well as prudent. G., I know, escaped entirely that Indian raid which ruined so many others engaged in cattle. And M. confesses to be the luckiest of men. They were both contractors in the war, I hear."

"You came here at a most unlucky period, and have certainly not had fortune on your side. Your ranches are about the best in the neighborhood, and your crops have been fine, but land, you know, as well as produce, has declined every year since you bought it, till it is now only worth half its original value. In your first year locusts snatched success out of your hand; in your second, ditto; in your third, Colorado was subject to the most terrible floods and snow that ever visited it, and so I suppose you must have lost money. In times like these, the greater the exertion made the more the loss. I condemn the policy of the government; if carried much further it will ruin America. But time will ease your complaint. You must be quite thickly peopled now — quite settled up."

"The part of the country in which I live," replied C., "is as thickly inhabited now as most counties in England, but I have no neighbors; in America men do not understand the meaning of the term neighbor. You have a ranch to defend against all comers. If the winter is rough they tear down your fences, open your gates at night, and admit their cattle. No exertion can keep your fence without a gap. If you complain, they say you have not a legal fence, *i.e.*, your fence is either not of an exact legal form, or it has got old and is not strong enough to resist breechy steers. If you have a tight corral and pound their cattle they quarrel with you outright, and you must either have recourse to your revolver or make peace with them."

"Nay," said D., "you can take them before the magistrate, who has power to exact costs."

"Whoever has once tried that," answered C., "will not run the risk again. A young Englishman took my potato land on halves, that is, he rented the land, paying half the produce as rent. A hundred cattle broke into his crop, and devoured it. He was absent at market and my nephews did their utmost to drive them out, but failed, their dog having been poisoned. When my tenant returned, out of sheer anger and despair, he fired at a steer and wounded it, and that night left the country. It would have been a less crime to have shot the owner of the steer. A few days afterwards, as I was binding wheat, the committee of public safety marched in long single file, with the faces of undertakers at a funeral, into my field, and made for me. They said they knew I had wounded the animal, because I had threatened to shoot beasts if they broke into my crops. I verily thought they were going to hang me. But I made a stirring appeal to law, and after some demur and some furious threats and brandishing of bowies and revolvers they departed. In due time I was summoned before the magistrate, and in a court grandly and formally conducted a decision was given against me. The magistrate informed me privately that this was safer for me on account of the number of mounted ranchmen round the court: had I not done so, he said, they might have taken the matter into their own hands, when you would have fared worse. You can appeal."

"Well," I said, "I think he acted wisely and in your favor."

"And how ended the appeal?" interrupted D.

"The summer passed and I heard nothing further," continued C.; "but in December, when the snow was on the ground, and I was playing a game of whist in my house, an under-sheriff rode up with an immediate summons to the county town where he said the judge was in session; I had to ride twenty-five miles that night, and to appear before a judge and jury at ten o'clock next morning. They sat up all next night, and then handed in a sealed verdict of guilty. The judge fined me ten dollars, the lowest fine the law allowed him to impose, but the costs amounted to seventy dollars. The magistrates are generally persons without property who live on the produce of the cases they try; and their verdicts are consequently against the man who can pay. But this was not all.

I found another charge against me, which I imagined had been tacked to the main charge which I have just described—a charge of illegal and false branding. I had not my witnesses present; this enabled the judge, under cover of a large bail to appear at the next sessions and answer the charge, to give me my liberty. But I had to put all my cattle in bond to procure bail. It is a sad thing for a country when its people do not look for justice at the hand of the law, but trust rather to money and violence. I did not expect a calm and perfect sphere of peaceful labor when I came into the wilds of America; but I fear the evil here lies deeply bedded in the principles of the Constitution, and will not easily be eradicated. Wealthy men know the power of their dollars, and poor men are too well versed in the arts of a crooked political influence not to use them; for the election of magistrates by popular vote is a fertile source of evil. An Englishman stabbed his most intimate friend, and was taken and committed to prison. 'Ten thousand dollars,' said an American, 'will liberate him.' A bystander instantly made a bid. 'Give me a note for five thousand, and in a fortnight he shall be on the other side of the 'her-ring-pond.' But the English friends of the murdered man swore that they would shoot the villain if he were let loose. An American threatened to assault me, and I asked a magistrate whether the law could touch me if I shot him during the assault. 'Some magistrates would dismiss the case,' he said, 'thinking the homicide justifiable, but others would more wisely commit you for your own safety, lest the people might hang you on the first tree. And then six months' incarceration is not pleasant or profitable.' Private influence, bribery, and lynch law, any of these may trip a man up."

"The revolver does not often come into play," remarked D.

"Americans seldom shoot," I answered, "as long as they are sober; and you know how sober they usually are hereabouts."

"I never cast eyes on a drunken man since I have been in America," said C., "but then I never visit the towns. I have been a teetotaler myself since I have been here, but I find coffee too stimulating, and have twice been ill through adhering to my rule too closely. If you will drink tea or coffee twice or thrice a day, you must eschew beefsteaks and venison pasty, and make your every-day diet to consist of a slice of fried bacon, tinned fruits and tomatoes, or dried fruits stewed. Amer-

icans seldom like vinegar, and I confess I am not so partial to 'Nabob Pickle' as I used to be. Squashes and cucumber preserved in a very mildly acidulated apple-juice are agreeable in hot weather, and Mexican chillies bottled in water are perfection."

"You have scarcely shown us fair reason for giving up a plan deliberately entered on, my good friend," said I. "Granted you have been sufficiently tormented. You have been, as the saying is, through all three mills; your crops have been twice destroyed by locusts, and this third year you nearly lost your herd—were in great fear, I hear, for ten days that you had lost every beast, and have had your fences washed away four times by the floods. Notwithstanding the sweeping away of all your hopes in that magnificent oat-crop, when three more days would have seen it cut, and perhaps in stack—notwithstanding the simultaneous loss of your tenant friend's potato-crop by oxen, and this year's terrible visitation of snow and hurricane—there must be something more to have brought you to this determination. Come, now, let us hear, in plain English, why you have resolved to face once more the less material, but perhaps more really painful and annoying evils of modern English society. I may tell you these evils are, if anything, greater than they were."

"I came hither," answered C., "expecting to find a country where the last remnants of an old race might lay down without sorrow their traditions, and live an honest life without want, by diligence. I knew well there would be much trouble, some peril to be endured, but I trusted to find compensations. Perhaps, like others, I bought too much land, but I naturally expected land would not fall to a lower value than the price at which I purchased; the probability was it would rise. I expected that labor and money expended on land would bring a fair remuneration. In the first place land is unsalable; in the next, no amount of labor on it brings a profit. Direct labor, working for another man, is the surest, nay, the only means of obtaining monetary payment. In other words, the order of society is being rapidly reversed. In Colorado, labor gets good wages. I believe, on the other hand, that there are more openings for the educated classes in England, and that they will be happier there than in America, even with less comparative income. For myself, while directing the settlement and overlooking the interests of my nephews, I hoped to

live a simple life without care or excessive labor, but I find that care has more victims here than in more civilized regions, that labor is excessive, and that the attention and honor paid to age and tenderness for infirmity are absent. There is no trace here of that reverence which surrounds the old man in the beloved country of our birth. And I fear that owing to the fundamental faults of the present political constitution of America, she may not always be blest with the same good fortune that she has had, and may have to suffer unexpected and terrible convulsions of human passion."

"Mark me, C.," said I, "you'll come back here after all. You'll find on every pleasant hill in the old country the sandwich bags and empty bottles of picnickers. On every stream lauded as prime fishing-ground, you will meet with the well-worn pad of a thousand disappointed Waltons. The very salmon that have a sense left,

turn back from the steaming and oleaginous perfumes that lade the breezes of English rivers. The red deer on Braemar have lost their fleetness and their nose, and the dwindling packs of grouse can scarcely wing over the wall that hides their deadly foes."

"Well," said C., "I may come here three years hence to fling a fly on the Rio Grande, or to catch a salmon in the Colorado, on your distinct assurance, supported by affidavit, that there is a salmon in that river, namesake of this land, and likewise a three-pound trout in the Rio Grande; but I'm older than I was, and strongly suspect D. would prefer lying on the sofa with the *Times* in his hand, or slowly pacing one of those grand cathedrals which show what glorious thoughts possessed the human soul in former times. At any rate I'm off for England as soon as possible."

C. S.

ENGLAND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—In those days there were no envelopes for letters, and postage was calculated by distance; twopence in the metropolitan district, tenpence to York, one shilling and twopence to Edinburgh, two shillings to John o' Groat's House, and something almost prohibitive to the Continent of Europe. "Franks" were in great request; and members of both Houses of Parliament were daily, if not hourly, besieged by letter-writers, to obtain the privilege of their names on the corners of epistles, which would not have been sent through the post at all unless they could have been sent gratis. When Sir Rowland Hill proposed his scheme of a uniform rate of postage, he was considered a daring revolutionist, destined to ruin the country, even when he fixed the rate temporarily at fourpence. When, after a quiet interval, to accustom the panic-stricken public to the great change originally contemplated, the rate was reduced to a penny, elderly people held up their hands in dismay and predicted the collapse, not only of the Post Office, but of the empire of Great Britain. When I was a youth, women wore pattens. Are such articles ever seen in our day? At that time it was considered vulgar for a gentleman to wear a cotton shirt or a silk hat. The shirt of fine linen and the hat of beaver were *de rigueur*. Watches had double cases, between the outer and inner of which it was the custom to insert

what were called watch-papers, on which were printed or written texts from Scripture, moral maxims, passages from the poets, or tender love effusions purporting to be original. Still more recently, and when in my prime, I remember that it was considered *contra bonos mores* and all the proprieties for a lady to ride in a hansom cab, or for a gentleman to smoke in a lady's presence; and worse still, if possible, for a lady to be seen in the streets with a gentleman who had a pipe or a cigar in his mouth. I remember—and it is scarcely memory of older date than thirty years—when a gentleman in full dress was not compelled by fashion to attire himself like a clergyman or a tavern waiter; when the fashionable evening dress was a blue coat and gilt buttons and a colored or embroidered vest, and when bright colors in the waistcoat were not considered the exclusive right of the footman or the cosmonger. I remember, too, when ladies were not ashamed to be economical in their attire, and did not allow their silks or satins to trail on the ground, but wore their "gowns," as they were called, of a length that just reached the ankle, and allowed the dainty little feet and a portion of the leg to be seen. This fashion pleased the gentlemen, and did no harm to the ladies, conducted greatly to comfort in walking, besides saving a considerable sum in the dressmaker's account.

All The Year Round.



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